



No. 262.—Vol. XXI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS GRACE PALOTTA AS THE PRINCE IN "CINDERELLA,"

AT THE GRAND THEATRE, CROYDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE LATEST LIGHT ON MR. GLADSTONE.

The latest light on the veteran statesman's career is supplied by Mr. Justin McCarthy in "The Story of Gladstone's Life," which Messrs. Black have just published. The first time Mr. McCarthy ever heard a speech from Mr. Gladstone was on Oct. 12, 1853. It was delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue to Sir Robert Peel in Manchester, and Mr. McCarthy says he will "never forget the impression made

on me by Mr. Gladstone's eloquence, and made still more, I think, by the sincerity and the earnestness of the orator himself." More than forty years later he heard that orator's last speech in the House of Commons. The same evening he met Mr. John Morley in one of the lobbies. "Is that, then," he asked, "the very last speech?" "The very last," was the reply. "I don't believe one quarter of the men in the House understand it so," Mr. McCarthy said. "No," Mr. Morley replied, "but it is so all the same." A few days afterwards the novelist and historian had an interview with Mr. Gladstone, by request



CATHERINE JESSY GLADSTONE (DECEASED).
Photographed from the Original at Hawarden by
Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

of the latter, at Downing Street. With regard to that interview he has only one regret. "I wish," he writes, "I had asked Mr. Gladstone to give me something from his desk or his table—a pen, or a pencil, or a book, or anything whatever, just as mark and memory of the occasion." It will thus be seen that the man whose life-story he tells in his new volume stands before him as a hero. Unionists may resent one or two passages, such as that in which the writer asserts that Mr. Chamberlain stabbed his old leader in the back; but, on the whole, the biographer keeps the party-politician in the background, and consequently the book is pleasant to read.

It is interesting to compare the numerous portraits with which the volume is adorned. Mr. McCarthy is strongly of opinion that Mr. Gladstone distinctly improved in appearance as his life went on deepening into years. His face certainly became more striking. He was always, however, a handsome man. Sir Roderick Murchison, the famous naturalist, described him as "the prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton." When he entered Parliament he had "a striking and handsome face, with a mass of dark hair, and splendid radiant eyes." By 1840 he had thick side-whiskers. His hair was always abundant and wavy, but he never allowed moustache or beard to grow. As years advanced the lower part of the face gradually sank, the nose became more prominent, and the wonderful eyes became larger and more luminous. Unlike his great Parliamentary rival, Mr. Gladstone was almost entirely indifferent to dress. He wore trousers with a broad stripe along the side many years after they had gone out of fashion. His domestic life has been very happy. He could not have accomplished all he has done had it not been for the devotion of his wife and the comfort of his home. All the portraits of Mrs. Gladstone show a woman of singularly sweet disposition. In her early days she looked very pretty with her oval face and side-curls, and in her old age, with her black dress and her lace, she looks more beautiful still. Among other interesting portraits are those of Mrs. Drew when she was a child, and her sister, Catherine Jessie Gladstone. The latter died at the age of four. There are also portraits of two of the sons in their pinafore days—Henry with a hoop

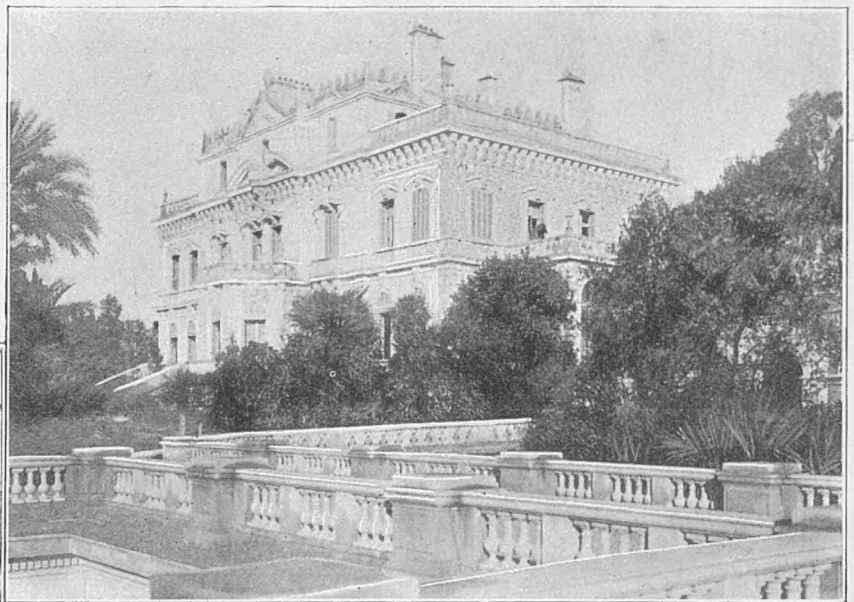
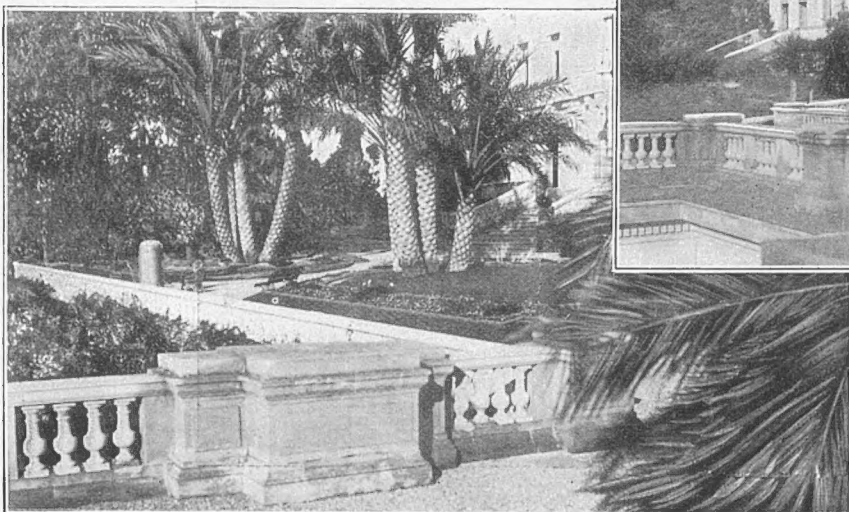
and Herbert with a drum. Mr. McCarthy is unable to say who invented the phrase "the Grand Old Man"; but he adds, "It was conferred upon him and it will always endure with him and with his memory. He was called the Grand Old Man, and the Grand Old Man he always will remain. Never was there a character which more aptly deserved that title, sacred to age and to grandeur of genius, of purpose, and of career. I do not know whether English Parliamentary history records greater doings of any man. In different paths of political work other men may have been as great as he. So far as one can judge by the writings of contemporaries, there may have been orators and debaters in Parliament who were equal to him. Probably Fox was his equal in Parliamentary debate. There is a magnificent phrase of Henry Grattan's, himself hardly surpassed as a Parliamentary orator, in which he describes the eloquence of Fox as 'rolling in resistless as the waves of the Atlantic.' I have often thought of that description when listening to some of Mr. Gladstone's greatest speeches. . . . But not Fox nor Chatham nor William Pitt had anything like Mr. Gladstone's capacity for constructive legislation, and the resources of information possessed by Fox or Chatham or Pitt were poor indeed when compared with that storehouse of knowledge which supplied Mr. Gladstone's intellectual capacity."

Meantime Mr. Gladstone is recruiting at the Château de Thorenc at Cannes, placed at his disposal by Lord Rendel. It is a palatial residence, and, if it were difficult to find anything to equal it as far as beauty is concerned, it stands high above all other similar mansions at Cannes in regard to internal fittings, general comfort, and size and arrangement of the grounds. The Château is built on the slopes of a hill, and faces due south; and as the owner has taken sedulous care to provide also against the many disadvantages of southern climes in winter, nothing better could possibly have been found for Mr. Gladstone in his present condition. The Right Honourable octogenarian's health has not benefited this year by his sojourn here, but much worse might have to be reported did he not stay where he is. Although within the last few days nothing has occurred to renew the alarm of ten days ago, his general state remains very weak, and requires constant and unremitting attention. The general feebleness is aggravated by persistent neuralgic pains. When the weather is dry and warm, the Right Honourable gentleman is driven out at noon, in company with Mrs. Gladstone. He returns at one, and at three drives out again for an hour with Lord Rendel. All idea of his leaving Cannes is abandoned for the present.

Meantime Mr. Gladstone is recruiting at the Château de Thorenc at Cannes, placed at his disposal by Lord Rendel. It is a palatial residence, and, if it were difficult to find anything to equal it as far as beauty is concerned, it stands high above all other similar mansions at Cannes in regard to internal fittings, general comfort, and size and arrangement of the grounds. The Château is built on the slopes of a hill, and faces due south; and as the owner has taken sedulous care to provide also against the many disadvantages of southern climes in winter, nothing better could possibly have been found for Mr. Gladstone in his present condition. The Right Honourable octogenarian's health has not benefited this year by his sojourn here, but much worse might have to be reported did he not stay where he is. Although within the last few days nothing has occurred to renew the alarm of ten days ago, his general state remains very weak, and requires constant and unremitting attention. The general feebleness is aggravated by persistent neuralgic pains. When the weather is dry and warm, the Right Honourable gentleman is driven out at noon, in company with Mrs. Gladstone. He returns at one, and at three drives out again for an hour with Lord Rendel. All idea of his leaving Cannes is abandoned for the present.



MARY GLADSTONE (MRS. DREW).
Photographed from the Original at Hawarden by
Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.



THE VILLA
AT WHICH MR. GLADSTONE IS STAYING
AND PART OF ITS TERRACE.



IN MEMORY OF MRS. HEMANS.

More than a hundred years have passed since the birth of Felicia Hemans, and a committee has recently been formed in her native city of Liverpool, where she was born and spent some years of her life, to consider some scheme for establishing a memorial in her honour. It has been decided that the memorial shall take the form of a prize associated with her name, to be awarded for the composition of a lyrical poem. For this purpose it is reckoned that a sum of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds will be required, of which more than a hundred pounds has already been promised.

The ultimate position of Mrs. Hemans as a poet is difficult to decide; her writings, at the time of their publication, were received on all sides with the most enthusiastic admiration, and, with the exception of her first book of poems, written at the age of fourteen and somewhat unwisely published by her admiring parents, she never had any severe criticism to face and overcome. Her versification is easy and flowing: indeed, she herself regarded the rapidity with which she could write rather as a defect than a merit; her verse is full of charm, but is lacking in strength and originality. Its sweetness is apt to pall on the reader, while what can only be termed the unexceptionable respectability of the sentiments expressed tends to become wearisome. At the same time, the deep religious feeling and the strong sense of family affection that inspire her poetry must appeal to many minds, and there is a fervour of patriotism in some of her ballads that will stir a kindred feeling in every heart. It is by her songs and ballads that Mrs. Hemans will be remembered: such poems as "The Graves of a Household" and "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" will not be readily forgotten wherever the English language is spoken. Most of her longer poems, including her dramatic pieces, are probably seldom, if ever, read, though they have considerable merit and are often marked by beautiful similes and fine pieces of description.

Mrs. Hemans' career was a quiet and uneventful one: she was pre-eminently, to use her own words, "a creature of the hearth and home," and she led, for the most part, a very secluded life, devoting herself to her mother and to the care and education of her sons. She was born at Liverpool in 1793, but her father, George Browne, a merchant, was obliged to leave the town in 1800 through commercial reverses, and settled at Gwrych, near Abergele, in North Wales, and there Felicia's childhood was spent. In that solitary old mansion, close to the seashore, and shut in by a range of rocky hills, she learnt that intense love of nature which only seemed to increase in strength with advancing years. She was extraordinarily sensitive to the sound of the sea, in all its different moods, and to her ears every tree gave forth a peculiar music of its own when rustled by the wind. To quote her own words in one of the sonnets written during her last illness—

O Nature! thou didst rear me for Thy own
With Thy free singing birds and mountain brooks;
Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted nooks,
With fairy fantasies and wood-dreams lone;
And thou didst teach me every wandering tone
Drawn from thy many whispering trees and waves.

Her attachment to Wales is strongly shown in her Welsh melodies; and when in later life she moved to the neighbourhood of Liverpool, she complains bitterly of the lack of hills and of the "waveless horizon."

Her education as a child was cared for by her mother, herself a woman of great accomplishments and wide reading; but it was of an irregular character. She seems to have been taught English grammar, French, and the rudiments of Latin; but her taste for reading was early developed. She used to devour Shakspeare, retiring for the purpose into the branches of an old apple-tree, where she could carry on her reading free from interruption. Though a very sensitive child, she was not nervous, and, hearing a legend that Gwrych was haunted, and that a fiery greyhound used to watch at the end of the avenue at night, she went out by herself in the moonlight to encounter it. She began to write verse at a very early age, and her first poems were published in 1808, but were not favourably received. Soon after the family moved to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph, and there Felicia first met her future husband, Captain Hemans. An attachment seems to have sprung up between them, for, though still only fifteen, her beauty was remarkable, while she herself was fired at the time with military enthusiasm, two of her brothers being engaged in the Peninsula. Captain Hemans himself soon departed to

Spain, but after three years' service he returned, and the marriage took place in 1812. The union did not prove a happy one, and in 1818 Captain Hemans retired to Rome, leaving his wife and her five boys at Bronwylfa with her mother. His health had suffered much during his Spanish campaigns, and this was the reason alleged for his departure; but the alienation between the husband and wife widened with time, and they never met again.

At Bronwylfa, and subsequently at Rhyllon, a house not a quarter of a mile distant, Mrs. Hemans remained, educating her boys and herself—for it was during this period she acquired her extraordinary command of modern languages—and writing with ever-increasing popularity. Her first tragedy, "The Vespers of Palermo," was produced in 1823 at Covent Garden Theatre, with C. M. Young and Charles Kemble in the principal parts. Its failure was attributed at the time to the acting of Miss Kelly, who took the part of the heroine, and it was afterwards performed at Edinburgh with some success. "The Forest Sanctuary," which Mrs. Hemans regarded as her best poem, was written in 1825, mainly in a very prosaic place—the laundry, to which she had been driven by the invasion of workmen. She laments, in a letter to a friend, that she has been obliged to vacate her own room and submit to the "complete dislodgment of her books, together with the dust, cobwebs, and other appurtenances thereunto belonging," from which it would appear that Mrs. Hemans, like the Antiquary, had a love for the "ancient, peaceful, quiet dust" that always clings to the haunts of the literary.

In 1828, after the death of her mother, Mrs. Hemans moved to Wavertree, near Liverpool, and soon discovered the inconvenience of fame in a populous neighbourhood. She was overwhelmed with uncongenial visitors and with requests for her autograph, till she expresses a wish to place a dragon in the courtyard to keep off intruders. In her private letters she describes her sufferings in a very lively strain, and these letters contain the best evidence of Mrs. Hemans' strong sense of humour, which is hardly to be distinguished in her published works. Her time is spent in conjugating the word *s'ennuyer* with morning callers, and among the respectful offerings she receives is a large book on phrenology, which she is expected to read, and a tract entitled, "A Sermon on Small Sins," which she considers personal. But she can sometimes retaliate.

Her visits to Abbotsford and Rydal Mount, to see Scott and Wordsworth, furnish material for many interesting letters. Sir Walter's parting words to her are worth recording: "There are some whom we meet and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin, and *you* are one of those." Mrs. Hemans left Wavertree for Dublin in 1831, where she spent the remaining years of her life. Her health had

never been good, and she passed away on May 16, 1835, at the age of forty-one. She was buried in St. Anne's Church, Dublin; but a tablet was erected to her memory by her brothers in the Cathedral of St. Asaph. Her best epitaph is found in Wordsworth's lines—

Mourn rather for the holy spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,
For her who ere her summer faded
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

THE TERRORS OF A TUNNEL.

"No, mine ain't what one might call a cheerful job," remarked an old railway employé, whose duty it is to periodically test the lines in one of the longest and busiest tunnels on his company's system. "In fact," he continued, "although I've been at the work for a good many years, the darkness and the loneliness sometimes give me a bad fit o' the creeps; and if I was offered fifty pounds to stay in a tunnel for twelve hours, with plenty to eat and drink, but no light, I wouldn't take the job on. Why? Because when the time was up I should be about fit for a lunatic asylum. The sensation's simply awful.

"I shan't forget in a hurry my first journey through a tunnel. I hadn't cause to be frightened, neither, for an old platelayer was pilotin' me, and we each had a powerful lantern. But the silence and the blackness ahead and behind got on my nerves, and whenever a train passed the thunderin' rattle and roar almost made me scream wi' fright.

"I've only gone through a tunnel once without a light, and that was for a sovereign wager which one o' my mates made wi' me. I won the pound all right, but the doin' that journey gave me was awful. I was shaky and out o' sorts for a month after, but it served me right."



MRS. HEMANS.
As painted by W. E. West.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.**THE ROAD TO KLONDIKE.**

On Feb. 8. With Map and 33 Full-Page Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 16s.

**THROUGH THE GOLD-FIELDS OF ALASKA
TO BERING STRAITS.**

By HARRY DE WINDT.

ARCHIBALD FORBES'S NEW BOOK.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON III. By ARCHIBALD FORBES.
With Photogravure Frontispiece and 36 Full-Page Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 12s.

"In addition to being the last, this is also the greatest book given to the world by the famous war correspondent, who was an eye-witness of the most momentous scene in the life of the man whose chequered biography he has written."—*MORNING LEADER*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WITH THE RED EAGLE." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

A WOMAN TEMPTED HIM. By WILLIAM WESTALL,
Author of "With the Red Eagle," &c.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEYOND THE PALE."
Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

MISS BALMAINE'S PAST. By B. M. CROKER, Author of
"Beyond the Pale," &c.

"Miss Balmaine is as well drawn and life-like as Diann Berrington or any of her successors."—*WORLD*.

A COMPANION TO M. ZOLA'S "DOWNFALL."

On Feb. 8. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE DISASTER (Le Désastre). By PAUL and VICTOR
MARGUERITTE. Translated by Frederic Lees.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

MORE TRAMPS ABROAD. By MARK TWAIN.

"At his best, Mark Twain is a delightful as well as a droll companion—a comedian as resistless as Charles Mathews used to be in 'As Cool as a Cucumber.' . . . We will end by bidding those who are in search of laughter to make haste to take, by proxy at least, 'More Tramps Abroad.'"—*STANDARD*.

CHRISTIE MURRAY'S NEW NOVEL. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

THIS LITTLE WORLD. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,
Author of "Joseph's Coat."

"Mr. Murray has never done anything better than this fine story. The incidents are presented with wonderful force and freshness, the action never drags, and in vividness and power of characterisation the story is masterly. . . . It is a book that will add to Mr. Murray's reputation."—*BIRMINGHAM POST*.

CHRISTIE MURRAY'S NEW STORIES. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE. By DAVID CHRISTIE
MURRAY. With Frontispiece by Arthur Hopkins.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

THE**ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE**

EDITED BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 1898—

"**LADYE FAYRE.**" Frontispiece. Illustration from Photograph.

HOW TO REACH KLONDIKE. By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.
With Illustrations from Photographs.

"**EVEN AS YOU AND I:** AT HOME WITH THE
BARNUM FREAKS. By ARTHUR GODDARD. With Illustrations
from Photographs.

THE BEACON OF THE LORD WAKE. By H. A.
SPURR. Illustrations by Lancelot Speed.

THE QUEEN'S PERSONAL INTEREST IN INDIA.
By RAFIUDDIN AHMAD. With Illustrations from Paintings by Indian
Artists.

**IN TIGHT PLACES: ADVENTURES OF AN
AMATEUR DETECTIVE.** By Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.
Illustrations by C. Shepperson.

**A WONDERFUL WOMAN OF MERRIE ENGLAND:
LADY ELIZABETH PERCY.** By J. M. BULLOCH. With
Illustrations.

THE DEATHBOROUGH MYSTERY. By ALFRED HURRY.
Illustrations by W. Cubitt Cooke.

**THE IDYLLS OF THE KING: ENID IN THE RUINED
HALL.** Pictured by Gilbert James.

**THE GREAT ADVENTURER: STUDIES AND
SKETCHES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.** By X. Y. Z. With
Illustrations.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN. By BARRY
PAIN. Illustrations by A. Forestier.

**MONARCHS AT HOME: THE KING AND QUEEN
OF THE BELGIANS.** By MARY SPENCER WARREN. With
Illustrations from Photographs.

"**THE DEAR FOUDROYANT:** A SHIP WITH A
STORY. By C. TOMLINSON. With Illustrations from Photographs.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE. With Illustrations from Photographs.

OFFICE OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," 198, STRAND, W.C.

NEW ADDITIONS

TO

BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS.**DIANA TEMPEST.**

By MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

THE GREATER GLORY.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

BASIL LYNTHURST.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

MY LADY NOBODY.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

SCYLLA OR CHARYBDIS?

By RHODA BROUGHTON.

SIR GODFREY'S GRANDDAUGHTERS.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

THE MADONNA OF A DAY.

By LILY DOUGALL.

THE MISTRESS OF BRAE FARM.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

DEAR FAUSTINA.

By RHODA BROUGHTON.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

ACTÉ.

By HUGH WESTBURY.

CONSEQUENCES.

By EGERTON CASTLE.

To be obtained at all Booksellers', each in One Volume, crown 8vo, 6s.

London: RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, New Burlington Street.

Publishers in Ordinary to her Majesty the Queen.

CONAN DOYLE'S NEW NOVEL.

Now ready. With 40 Full-Page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO.

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The White Company," "Rodney Stone," "Uncle Bernac," &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

CYCLING AND CYCLES, with Numerous Illustrations, described for
Private Riders in *THE CYCLISTS' SUPPLEMENT* (12 large pages). Given Free with *The*
Bazaar, Exchange and Mart Newspaper of Monday next.

STAMP COLLECTING. Beautifully Illustrated Articles of the utmost
interest to all Philatelists will be found in *THE PHILATELISTS' SUPPLEMENT* (16 large pages).
Given Free with *The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart Newspaper* on Wednesday next.

THE BAZAAR, EXCHANGE AND MART NEWSPAPER, with the
Supplement complete, may be had at all Newsagents' and Bookstalls, price 2d., or for 3d. in
stamps from the Office: 170, Strand, London, W.C.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per Annum can be entered
at any date.

The Best and most Popular Books of the Season are now in Circulation.

Prospectuses of Terms Free on Application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT:

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always on Sale (Secondhand).

Also a Large Selection of Books in Leather Bindings suitable for Birthday and
Wedding Presents.

BOOKS EXPORTED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET; 241, Brompton Road, S.W.;

48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and at 10-12, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

"I should like to send you **PICK-ME-UP** every week. . . . It
is a dreadfully amusing paper—never fails to make me almost
yell."—MR. PINERO'S PLAY: "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

NEW SERIES.**PICK-ME-UP.**

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Office: 148, STRAND, W.C.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
THE LITTLE MINISTER, by J. M. Barrie.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8,
JULIUS CÆSAR.
The scenery and costumes produced under the supervision of Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A.
MATINEES TO-DAY (Wednesday) and EVERY SATURDAY at 2.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Seats booked from 2s. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. George Alexander, Sole Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING at 8 punctually (LAST EIGHT NIGHTS),
THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE,
A new and original play, in five acts, by R. C. Carton.
LAST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT at 2.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 16, at 2.30; THURSDAY, FEB. 17, and EVERY EVENING following at 8,
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Box plan now open 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

AVENUE THEATRE.—Licensee, Mr. CHAS. H. HAWTREY.—
Miss MARION THORNEHILL'S SEASON. EVERY EVENING at 9, SWEET NANCY,
by Robert Buchanan. Miss Annie Hughes as Sweet Nancy. Preceded, at 8.15, by A BIT OF OLD
CHELSEA, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Marion Thornehill, and Miss Annie
Hughes; Messrs. Martin Harvey, Jarvis Widdicombe, Harvard Arnold, and Edmund Maurice.
MATINEE OF BOTH PIECES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box Office
(Mr. Anderson) open 10 to 5.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG
and TREASURE ISLAND.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, NEW GRAND BALLET,
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
Exceptional Variety Programme. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

OLYMPIA.**BARNUM AND BAILEY.**

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Sixth Week of the Limited Season.

Crowded with the Best People.

Ladies and Children in ecstasies of delight,
All others amazed and bewildered.

Three Circus Companies in Three Rings.
Two Olympian Stages, One Huge Race-Track.
Two Complete Menageries, Three Herds of Elephants.
Museum of Living Freaks and Curiosities.
Twenty Funniest Clowns on Earth.
Seventy Horses Performing in One Ring.
Four Hundred Horses, Two Dromedaries, Hosts of Queer Animals.
One-Thousand-and-One Marvellous Sights and Wonderful Objects.
A Refined and Elegant Entertainment.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
Doors open at 12.30 and 6.30.

Early Gates open (Hammersmith Road) at 12 noon and 6 p.m. for 3s. seats and upwards.
Early Entrance Fee 6d. extra.

Owing to the stupendously large show and the general magnitude of the Exhibition,
necessitating great preparations, the Menageries, Freak and Horse Fair Departments can only be
open from 12 to 4.15 p.m. and from 6 to 10.30 p.m.

No Promenade tickets sold. Every ticket entitling holder to a reserved numbered seat, and
admitting to all advertised departments without extra charge.

Prices—Amphitheatre, 1s. and 2s.; Arena Seats, 2s., 3s., and 4s.; Balcony Seats, 3s.; Stalls, 5s.,
7s. 6d.; Private Boxes (5 and 6 seats), £3 3s.; Single Box Seats, 10s. 6d.; special prices for Royal
Box when not engaged.

Children between four and ten years of age half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. seats.

Box Office open from 9 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

1s. and 2s. seats on sale only after doors open. All other seats may be booked in advance
at Box Office and at usual Libraries.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—The Mentone of England, adjoining
St. Leonards. THE SACKVILLE HOTEL, an ideal winter and spring residence,
combining the latest improvements and attractions at moderate prices.
Special inclusive terms till Easter.

For tariff, &c., apply to Manager.

CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, Las Palmas.

In midst of beautiful gardens, facing sea.
Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.
English church. Golf, tennis, cycling.

The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think
that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary,
their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and
£15 15s. (Lady's). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to
32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

TO THE CONTINENT

VIA

QUEENBORO' & FLUSHING.

ROYAL DUTCH MAIL

TWICE DAILY in each direction. DAY AND NIGHT SERVICES.

LARGE, FAST, and MAGNIFICENT PADDLE STEAMERS.

ACTUAL SEA PASSAGE by the NEW 21 KNOTS NIGHT STEAMERS 2½ Hours Only.

Through Tickets and Registration of Luggage from London (Victoria,
Holborn Viaduct, St. Paul's, and Herne Hill Stations) to the Principal Stations
on the Continent, and vice versa.

Through Communications between Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Queenboro',
via Willesden Junction and Herne Hill, without touching London.

Apply for Time Tables, etc., to the

ZEELAND STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S LONDON OFFICE: 44a, Fore St., E.C.,

Where Circular Tickets may be obtained at Three Days' Notice.

THE IRISH FAMINE OF '98.**STARVATION IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.**

"Hundreds of people are absolutely starving; there has been nothing like it in the country since the Great Famine of 1848." This is what a well-accredited correspondent writes to me from Cashel, Connemara; yet England is absolutely ignoring the fact. Only one English journal, indeed, the *Manchester Guardian*, has taken the trouble to send a representative to inquire into the distress; yet many of our politicians and journalists must surely read the *Freeman's Journal*, which day by day, for many weeks now, has contained harrowing, and—by the light of my correspondent's letter I can scarcely doubt—accurate, information concerning the shocking condition of things now existing in the West of Ireland. The potato crop, which is the staple food of the people, has all but absolutely failed—that is to say, the peasant, who on his miserable acre has in ordinary years been able to obtain some three tons of potatoes, finds that more than two-thirds of these have this year proved to be rotten. But here is what the *Freeman's Journal* correspondent says, writing from Ballinrobe on Jan. 25—

The condition of the tenants is pitiable in the extreme. The potato crop yielded only from a sixth to an eighth of the usual quantity, and the quality of the little there was was so bad that they were not fit for food. The people lived for two months on the bad potatoes, but, having no food for the pigs, they were obliged to sell them, and the earning out of which they pay the rent is so lost to them this year. Many of them have sold their sheep and calves to buy food, and even a few have parted with the old cow. Going through their houses I was struck with the scant clothing on the beds and on the people. Women were moving about the roads without cloak or shawl. The men had no coats. Everyone was dressed in what can only be called old rags. Suspecting the cause, I asked the question in many places, and while in a very large number of cases the answers were evasive, in other instances pawn-tickets were produced in sheaves, and it was made abundantly clear that the households were cleared of everything in order to get money to buy food.

Writing on the following day, the correspondent continues—

A scramble over the mountain at the head of the glen brings one to Letterene, overlooking Lough Mask, and within about three miles of Maamtrasna. Here there are twenty families, all of them in the extreme state of poverty, and the greater number of them suffering from hunger. In Barnahawn Glen there are fifteen families in the most wretched condition. The condition of these two districts is sad in the very best of times. The cabins in which the poor people live are of the poorest possible type, small and rudely constructed. Their land is an alternation of bog, marsh, and rock reclaimed by their own labour, and kept in condition by very costly treatment with lime and manures. Their usual food is potatoes at every meal, with milk, and in some cases an occasional treat of bread and tea. This year they have not even this poor comfort. Few of them had a potato supply which lasted till Christmas. None of them have potatoes left now. One or two have sheep; most of them have a cow with a calf or two. The pigs were all sold before being reared when the food supply failed.

In this district we met with a very remarkable case. Entering the little one-roomed cabin of John Cribbin, we found inside, stretched on straw spread on the ground, with a ragged covering over her, a woman sick, and apparently suffering much agony. She roused a little on seeing the priest, but her mouth was dry and parched, and it was with difficulty that she could speak. She asked for a drink. There was no drink in the house but water, a panny of which was put not far from where she lay. When she had wet her lips, she explained that the only drink she had was water. Her husband had been searching all day among the neighbours, but none of them had any milk. While she was speaking a baby lying beside her on the straw commenced to cry. It was not yet six months old. The poor mother, herself hungry and without drink, had ceased to yield it milk. The father had made a sort of gruel of Indian-meal, which it refused to take, and for two days the baby had been starving. The mother tried to soothe it, and seemed to forget her own suffering in grief for the little one. There are few who would look on the scene without tears. Father Corbett came outside and begged from house to house in the village for a little milk, and offered threepence, fourpence, sixpence for a quart of milk per day to the unfortunate mother and child. No one had milk. The neighbours had been good to them, gave them a little of their meal, and even those who had only a stone or so of potatoes left parted with a few of their precious store in charity to the woman. But no one had any milk. Father Corbett asked some of the group of people around him to find someone who would supply the milk daily on almost any terms. They had tried and failed. The husband came up while the negotiation was proceeding. "He will get it now for the price I offer," said the priest. "Ni thig leis" (impossible), said one of the bystanders. The husband only confirmed the opinion. The people had nothing left to feed their cows, and they had all run dry.

And yet another day brings the following experience—

Investigation in the glen shows that several of the children have been afflicted with cramps in the stomach, and sores have broken out on the heads and faces of numbers of others from inadequate nourishment. The attendance at all the schools was much below the average, and the children in all but Treen were miserably clothed in rags, their faces were pale and pinched, and their eyes dilated, and their general appearance was famished-looking.

This, of course, may be pure fiction, but it is surely desirable that it should receive some investigation from people this side of the Irish Channel. What are our London daily papers doing—those in particular which have taken certain pledges to look after the welfare of Ireland through a "union of hearts"? What, above all, are the Irish Members of Parliament—Unionists, Parnellites, Dillonites, Healyites, or whatever they call themselves—doing?

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

SMALL TALK.

"February fill dyke" is on us at last, and influenza is rampant in consequence. I don't think, however, that the phrase of our forefathers is so true as it once was, for we rarely have the fearful snowstorms they experienced, and if there is no snow there is no melting, and comparatively little flooding save for the rainfall. Still, the picture reproduced here shows how February still can fill the dykes.

Everyone will sympathise with the Marquis of Abergavenny and the Nevill family in the unfortunate circumstances in which Lord William Nevill finds himself placed. The position of the Nevills in English history is a very prominent one—indeed, it has been written that they were "to mediæval England what the Douglas was to Scotland." The founder of this illustrious house is said to have been one of the Conqueror's followers and friends, and, without doubt, the Nevills, as Barons Nevill and Earls of Westmoreland, played great parts in our history before the arrival upon the scene of that Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, the "King-Maker" of whom Bulwer in his "Last of the Barons" has given so picturesque a portrait. It is from an uncle of the King-Maker, Sir Edward Nevill, that the Marquis of to-day is descended. By marriage Sir Edward acquired the castle and lands of Bergavenny, and as Baron Bergavenny he was summoned to Parliament in 1450.

The fifteenth Baron was advanced to the dignities of Earl and Viscount in 1784, and a hundred years later (to be exact, in 1876) the present head of the family was created a Marquis. The Nevills are almost as celebrated for their personal beauty as for their ancient pedigree, and the sensation created in Society some years ago by the twin daughters of the Marquis will not easily be forgotten. The heir to the Marquisate is the Earl of Lewes, the eldest son of Lord Abergavenny, whose affliction has long necessitated a life of retirement.

Mr. D. P. Sellar has been taking the public into his confidence a good deal, and, with regard to one picture in his collection of "Old Masters," he has informed us all how it was purchased from Mr. Martin Colnaghi, and what price was paid; and Mr. Colnaghi, by the way, has replied with a letter to the papers. It would, I am sure, be instructive, and perhaps amusing, if Mr. Sellar would inform us "how, when, and where" he acquired any fifty, say, of this marvellous assemblage, and what prices he paid. The public would be better able to form an opinion with regard to this vexed question (or vexed collection, should I say?) even than they are after a visit to the Grafton Galleries.

The news which reaches us that the Canadian Government has entered into a contract with a leading firm of engineers for the construction of a railway over the most difficult country between the seaboard and the Klondyke Eldorado shows enterprise, and will probably hasten the stampede towards the Arctic Eden. The work is, I understand, to be put in hand at once, and to be opened for traffic in September this year. All things considered, there appears a very good

prospect of the new goldfields becoming, for a time at least, a veritable sink of humanity, the favoured resort of all the loafers, adventurers, and ne'er-do-wells whose dream is to attain wealth without proportional toil. The same thing has been seen more than once. It occurred in California, in New South Wales, in South Africa, and in Queensland. And it is safe to assume that, as always, the fortunes to be made will be achieved not by the prospectors, but by those who cater for their needs. Were I an adventurer possessed of a few hundred pounds, I would go to Klondyke this spring, not to seek nuggets, but in quest of dollars ready coined. Wealth lightly gotten is lightly spent, and, for real spendthrift custom, give me a successful miner. I remember that when Kimberley was in the first blush of its fame, silver watches made in Birmingham and sold by the gross at fifteen shillings apiece, found eager purchasers at ten pounds a time, and other rubbish realised proportionate prices.

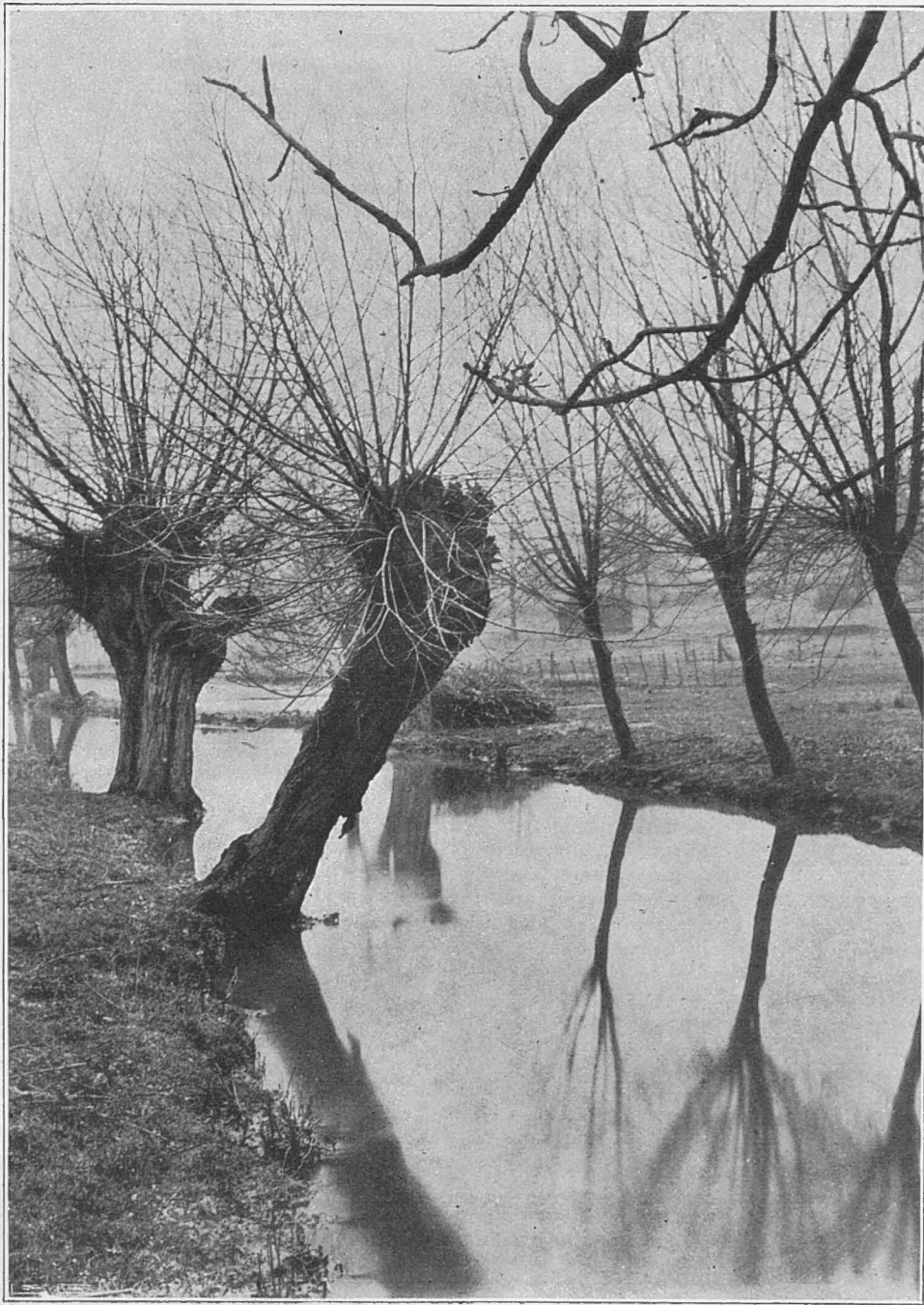
There are fortunes to be made in that way. I make a present of the hint to anyone who cares to take it.

Meantime, certain gentry are hurrying from British Columbia to England to sell worthless ground to foolish speculators. A friend living in Portland, Oregon, whence the trade with Dawson City and neighbouring country is largely carried on, writes me that the revival in trade is almost too good to be true. Everybody is making money, legitimately, too, if his inclinations run in such a groove. The town of Portland is spreading in all directions, and, as it is already very large and splendidly built, it promises to become famed beyond Oregon.

I have dealt elsewhere with what I consider the real future possibilities of the Crystal Palace. Meanwhile, Mr. Henry Gillman has permitted me to take a glance at the spring and summer arrangements planned for the Crystal Palace. First in importance come the musical arrangements, which are very comprehensive. After an absence of eighteen years, Madame Adelina Patti will again sing at the Crystal Palace at the June concert of the Handel Festival Choir. The regular Saturday concerts will be resumed in March, rather later than usual; but Wulff's Circus is doing

very well indeed, and will claim a rather longer run than usual. I wish I might say all I know about the plans the directors have in hand for the summer. As things are, I may only hint at delightful open-air entertainments, to which something of Continental life and merriment will be imparted. When it comes to comparison, the grounds at Sydenham can easily hold their own against those of any other exhibition in England, and when they are at their best, in the early summer, they repay a journey from the other end of England.

Art and music are well supplied in the *Art Annual* (Virtue) and the *Musical Directory* (Carte). I never knew on what principle the *Art Annual* inserts the portraits of certain artists each year, and the puzzle is increased by the fact that no biographies are given—a great mistake, I think. But the *Art Annual*, which is edited by Mr. A. Carter, is a most valuable directory of art. From the *Musical Directory* I learn that G. Iago is the name of a trombone professor in Hammersmith. The directory is very complete.



"FEBRUARY FILL DYKE."

Photo by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhampstead.

The *African Critic* has been running for three weeks under its later title of the *Critic*, and it makes exceedingly bright and interesting reading. If I had been Mr. Hess, I should have put the paper into a quite different kind of type; but that is a small matter. The journal appears to desire to shine in the direction of invective; in one issue it contained a violent attack upon Mr. Hugh Chisholm, the accomplished editor of the *St. James's Gazette*; in the next there was an equally severe diatribe against Dr. Robertson Nicoll, whose many accomplishments as a journalist and a critic excite my keenest admiration; and in the latest issue to hand I find a suggested Academy, which is evidently meant to be very severe upon some three score of more or less eminent people—

Mr. George R. Sims.	Rev. George Brooks.	Mr. Harry Marks.
Mr. Clement Scott (of the <i>Daily Telegraph</i>).	Miss Annie Swan.	Rev. R. P. Downes.
Mr. Raymond Blathwayt.	Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.	Mr. Joseph Hatton.
Mr. Douglas Sladen (of the <i>Literary World</i>).	Mr. A. E. Fletcher.	Miss Florence Marryat.
Mr. Coulson Kernahan.	Mr. Henry Norman (of the <i>Daily Chronicle</i>).	Mr. H. W. Massingham.
Mr. Richard Le Gallienne.	Dr. Robertson Nicoll.	Mr. H. G. Wells.
Lady Warwick.	Rev. Ian Maclaren.	Mr. "Owen Hall."
Mr. Ben Landeck.	Rev. Samuel R. Crockett.	Mr. E. P. Mathers.
Dr. Parker.	Mr. W. T. Stead.	Mr. H. M. Stanley.
"Newman Noggs" (of the <i>Pink 'Un</i>).	"Sir" Alfred Austin.	Miss Marie Corelli.
Dean Farrar.	Mr. George le Brun.	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
	Sir Lewis Morris.	Mr. T. P. O'Connor.
	Mr. G. B. Burgin.	Rev. M. Baxter.
	Mr. H. W. Lucy.	Mr. Oscar Browning, M.A.

I confess that I do not know even by name some of the people in Mr. Hess's Academy, although others are very good friends of mine. Mr. Hess evidently wishes to suggest that the whole of the ladies and gentlemen in his imaginary Academy are charlatans, and probably half of the people he thus groups would hold that the other half was very accurately described. I do not think, however, that Mr. Hess will make his paper a power by this kind of cheap satire.

During the recent visit of the King of Siam to this country, one of the most pleasant experiences was the reception and greeting extended to him in the capital by the Corporation of the City.



CASKET PRESENTED TO THE KING OF SIAM.

The casket in which the address of welcome was enclosed was not finished in time for personal presentation to the King, but I have now been able to inspect the same before despatch to his Majesty. It is of solid 18-carat gold, oblong in form, and supported at each corner by finely modelled Siamese elephants bearing the royal crown. The obverse bears an inscription recording the presentation, and the reverse the full blazon of the royal arms of Siam beautifully enamelled in true heraldic colours. Flanking the inscription and arms are enamelled views of the Guildhall, the Tower of London, and St. Paul's Cathedral, while the monogram of the King, also in enamel, appears on each of the side panels. The lid is surmounted by the full arms, crest, motto, and supporters of the City of London, and bears upon one side a beautifully enamelled portrait of the King, in which the artist has very happily produced, although only in miniature, a most speaking likeness of his Majesty. The other parts of the lid, as well as the general body of the casket, are ornamented and relieved by a series of Siamese emblems and orders in repoussé. The execution of the work was entrusted to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, whose design was selected in competition with the leading manufacturers of London. They have also recently had the honour of adding Siam to their list of royal appointments.

Mr. George N. Barnes, Secretary of the Engineers, has distinguished himself in the manner in which for months past he has generalised the immense Labour army in the industrial struggle which is now, happily, over. Born at Lochee, in Forfarshire, in 1859, he spent his early years in London, and began work at Ponder's End Jute Factory at the age of eleven. Returning with his parents to Scotland, young Barnes was apprenticed at Dundee, but, immediately his term of service expired, he "came South," and, to use his own words, has been knocking about London and Lancashire ever since. From 1892 to 1895 Barnes held the position of Assistant-Secretary to the A.S.E. At the latter date he was defeated in his candidature for the position of General Secretary, and returned to the bench, whence he was summoned to the head of affairs in November 1896. He contested the Rochdale Division of Lancashire as Labour candidate in 1895, and he is likely again to be heard of as a Parliamentary candidate.

I suppose that nineteen out of twenty people, if asked to spell the name of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft or that of his father, the sculptor of the splendid "Boadicea," would spell it with an "e." I note that on the base of the temporary erection at Westminster it is thus spelt—"Thornycroft"; but this will no doubt be put right when the bronze group is substituted.

Mr. J. F. Gooday, the newly appointed General Manager of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, has been the recipient of a number of testimonials on his retirement from the management of the Continental Department of the Great Eastern Railway Company. The foreign representatives of the company in Holland, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland have presented him with a fine French bronze, "La Pensée."



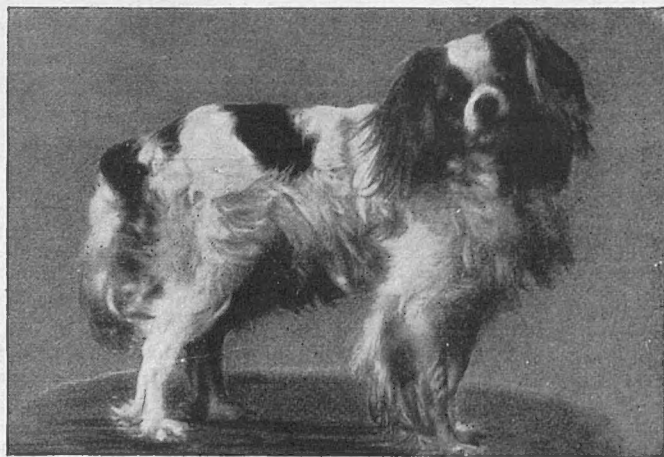
THE STATUETTE PRESENTED TO MR. GOODAY.

The *Times*, judging from the space it accorded Sir M. E. Grant Duff's lecture at the Imperial Institute, and the fact that it formed the subject of a "leader," retains its old-time interest in the utterances of the ex-Governor of Madras. It may be questioned if any Scottish Member of Parliament, with, of course, the exception of Mr. Gladstone, was ever favoured with so large an amount of space in the *Times* as Sir M. E. Grant Duff, whose addresses to his constituents it always reported *verbatim*. Representing the Elgin Burghs from 1857 till 1881, the advent of the dapper little gentleman among his constituents in the autumn months created great interest, not least with the reporters who had the honour of "doing Grant Duff for the *Times*."

The other day Mr. George Darling, the brother and last surviving relative of Grace Darling, made his first and only appearance on a public platform.

The occasion was a lecture, by the parish minister of Newbattle, in Dalkeith, on "The Story of Grace Darling." A medal, two Bibles, and an umbrella which had belonged to Grace Darling, together with a piece of wood of the wrecked *Forfarshire*, were exhibited by Mr. Darling.

Marmaduke is dead. He was only a Blenheim spaniel, but he was wonderful in his way, for he had a glass eye. He was bred by the Duchess of Marlborough, who takes a great interest in the famous kennel. As will occasionally happen to small dogs, he tried to show his superiority over the feline race; but on one occasion a pugnacious cat declined to take orders from Marmaduke, and enforced its refusal by giving Marmaduke "one in the eye" with its claws. The result was that Marmaduke's eye was destroyed. The Duchess then sent the spaniel to a veterinary surgeon, to be fitted to a glass eye, as she was especially fond of the little fellow, and the sight of the empty socket was repugnant. After he was sent back with his new eye, her Grace was made nervous by seeing his staring artificial eye, it being just a little previous to a visit of the Earl of Blandford, and so a home was sought for the unfortunate little blue-blood, which was found with Miss E. L. Moore, of Denmark Hill, near Woodstock. In the picture the glass eye does not show very plainly. It is the right eye, and is



THE BLENHEIM SPANIEL MARMADUKE, FORMERLY BELONGING TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Photo by Esmé Collings, Dond Street, W.

exactly matched to the other brown, animated one. Marmaduke never tried to scratch or rub out the eye, but seemed to understand why it was there. He was run over by a van.

Spratt's Calendar consists of a series of pictures of famous dogs with a fowl or two thrown in.

Earl Annesley has got hold of a treasure. It is no less than a copy of the Koran, taken from the Mosque of the Mad Moolah, who originated the Afridi War of 1897, at Tirah, where it was captured by

is not so strong as in the Gordon district, has topped its record of a year ago by more than two hundred. During last year, 540 men joined the Army and 577 the Militia. The kilt is a potent attraction with Englishmen, but a goodly number of Scots seem to favour the trews.

There does not seem to have been so much excitement created by the alleged discovery of gold at Stoneykirk, in Wigtownshire, even though an expert declared that in the sample of ore he had examined he had found gold in abundance, as was the case when the precious metal was actually discovered at Kildonan, in Sutherlandshire. That gold exists in the latter district is unquestionable, though not in sufficient quantity to pay for its search.

Those who doubted the accuracy of the statement that the Marquis of Bute had purchased from the Duke of Fife the picturesquely situated Priory of Pluscarden—an illustration of which appeared in *The Sketch* last September—will find confirmation of the report in the fact that the agent of the Duke of Fife has given notice to the congregation who have worshipped in a portion of the ancient ruin for over seventy years to vacate early in November.

The ways of Algerian reporters seem to run somewhat on Transatlantic lines. When Yvette Guilbert arrived from France, the other day, a representative of the local paper hastened to tackle her in her cabin. He held out his card, saying, "All my excuses. You may speak to you." "You have chosen a word you may make yourself useful and all." The reporter found two, and each other's health with all solemnity. It was a false alarm. He asked for many pocket-handkerchiefs she had snatches of her latest creations, and with a "Gros malin."



A KORAN CAPTURED FROM THE AFRIDIS.
Photo by Earl Annesley.

Sir William Lockhart's army in November. It is in manuscript, and, from its appearance, is of considerable antiquity.

The accompanying testimonial indicates that Mr. John M. Cook, the head of the firm of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, the well-known excursionists, is very popular with his employés. These employés are dotted over the Empire in a way that has no counterpart outside the British Colonial service. Mr. Cook has an enormous office in New York, another in Bombay, another in Calcutta; and in Cairo, as is well known, he is the most prominent power, apart from British rule. In every city in Europe his firm will cash your cheques and supply you with railway-tickets and other accommodation. But this is only the commercial side of an enterprise which has more international aspects. Mr. Cook's firm has saved the Government of India an enormous amount of trouble and complication by organising the pilgrims from India to Mecca—a pilgrimage which once caused a vast loss of life and incalculable distress among the poor Moham-medans of the Empire. In addition to that, his services in carrying the British troops up the Nile are matter of history. This testimonial, which was addressed to him the other day by his staff, contains, as will be seen, portraits of himself, his father—the founder of the firm—and his three sons.

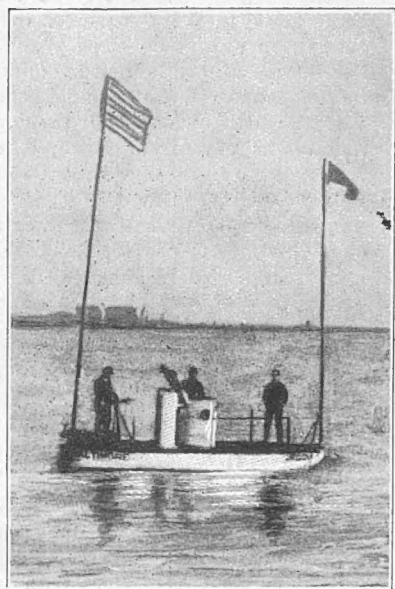
It is a peculiar fact that, in spite of the fame acquired by the Gordons, but few of the recruits enlisted in Scotland join that corps. The famous Black Watch is apparently the favourite regiment, and 937 men in its ranks come from its territorial district—Perth, Forfar, and Fife. In the Edinburgh (Royal Scots) district also but few recruits joined the Gordons. The Black Watch district, where the “Kirk” influence

kill me afterwards; but I must speak to you." "You have chosen a very bad moment," she replied; "but you may make yourself useful and find me the basin. I feel very ill." The reporter found two, and insisted on their clinking basins to each other's health with all solemnity. Each said, "To your health!" But it was a false alarm. He asked her how old she was, and how many pocket-handkerchiefs she had brought with her. She sang a few snatches of her latest creations, and finally dismissed him with the epithet, "Gros malin."

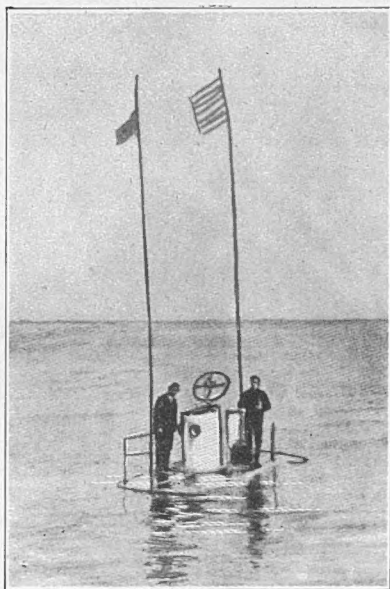
[illegible]

A TESTIMONIAL TO MR. JOHN M. COOK.

Every newspaper-reader knows that H.M.S. *Argonaut* was launched last week. She is a first-class protected cruiser of eleven thousand tons displacement. But another *Argonaut*, of a much more mysterious character, has been set afloat. It is a submarine boat invented by Mr. Simon Lake, of Baltimore, and has just passed satisfactorily through a number of trials on the Patapsco River. It is built of steel,



THE "ARGONAUT" AT REST ON THE SURFACE.



GOING DOWN.

can stand a pressure of 130 lb. to the square inch, is 36 feet long, and somewhat resembles a huge cigar. There are alternative methods of propulsion—by screw when the vessel is in or on the water, and by wheels when it is on the bottom. Obviously, the "boat" can also travel by land, if necessary. There is only one way in, and that is by ladder down the turret. In the matter of air, the *Argonaut* navigators have to follow the plan of Jules Verne, and make their own—enough, it is said, to last for "an almost indefinite period." In case of accident—a very serious consideration to submariners—the craft can be brought very quickly to the surface by dropping a heavy keel. It is sunk by letting water into a compartment provided for that purpose, and it is raised by pumping the water out again. The boat will start operations off the New Jersey coast in quest of a vessel which went down in 1856 with £6000 in bullion on board.

The troubles that have assailed Major Macdonald in Uganda are not to go unrighted. He is to be reinforced by troops sent inland from Mombasa, and the other aid is given by the British Uganda Protectorate and the home Government. Here-with I give a picture of the non-commissioned officers of the Army Service Corps who are now on their way to Uganda on board the *Golconda*. I may add that Dr. Archibald Mackinnon (a nephew of the late Sir William Mackinnon) has just left for Uganda with a band of young doctors. Dr. Mackinnon, who began life in Uganda as a doctor, is now in charge of the transport department. He is a powerfully built young man and is likely to make his mark in the service of the State.

The Christmas Number of the *North-Western Miller*, a Minneapolis trade journal, is one of the most elaborate specials of the kind I have ever seen. It is a large quarto, with a striking embossed cover showing Don Quixote tilting at the windmill. The stories in it (with coloured illustrations) bear on milling, and there are several articles of universal interest—"The Bread of Paris," "The British Corn and Flour Trade," and so on. It is difficult to see how such a number could possibly pay.

The Church is certainly moving when it celebrates a parson's ministry with a fancy-dress fête in a skating-rink. Yet the Palace in Argyll Street was crowded the other night, when his admirers turned out in all sorts

of masquerade to pay such a tribute to the Rev. H. R. Haweis's thirtieth year of ministry in Marylebone. There was a time when such a mode of memorial would have been considered rather thin ice, but, as nearly everybody on this occasion was a finished skater, the ice did not give way. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the carnival itself was Professor Robichon's exhibition of fancy and artistic skating, which evoked rounds of applause. Prizes to the value of fifty pounds were presented to wearers of the most striking and appropriate fancy costumes, but, owing to the number of original designs in dresses being so great, it was no easy task to decide to whom prizes ought to be awarded. Miss Nellie Ganthony gave one of her capital and amusing sketches, "The 'Bus Ride," in the glass house on the grand tier. Other artists also were seen and heard to great advantage.

This Skating Palace, since first it was opened, has been greatly improved. The atmosphere no longer makes non-skaters think of the inside of a refrigerator, and the draughts, at one time so cruel, have by some means been completely checked. On the present occasion the ice was in capital condition when the carnival began, but certain evolutions on the part of the skaters, notably the tug-of-war—which a divine standing behind me playfully styled the "scramble for China"—cut it up considerably before the end of the evening. Mr. H. R. Haweis himself witnessed the spectacle from a box; he was looking genial and prosperous.

Among the many cigarettes I have received lately, I have to acknowledge a number of boxes from Messrs. Ogden, of Liverpool, called "Ogden's Guinea Gold Cigarettes." These little boxes contain a free life insurance against accidents on bicycle, tram-car, or cab. They contain, also, a portrait of some celebrity, and, what is perhaps equally impressive, they appeal to my patriotism by asking me to encourage British industries by smoking cigarettes which, as they express it, are "British-made by British labour."

The clubs and gambling-houses that come in for so much abuse ought to be viewed with a lenient eye by the Customs. Every year they consume immense quantities of playing-cards, and in France a specially heavy tax has been imposed on those supplied to them. During the first half of 1897 it seems that these establishments bought 120,000 packs of cards, which must represent a pretty source of revenue to the Budget.

Wherever you go now in Paris the startling new poster of the Folies-Bergère, lately designed by Pal, meets your eye. It is really a work of art. Severin and Little Tich occupy the most prominent place in it. They are at present the two "stars" and draw immense crowds. The former is depicted as he appears in "Docteur Blanc," wearing his most forbidding expression, while little Tich, close by, his hat tilted over one ear and a naughty twinkle in his eye, affords the most complete contrast.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS WHO HAVE SAILED FOR UGANDA.

Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

Christmas with the Boer is still largely a religious ceremony. Four times a year—notably at Christmas-time—he troops into Pretoria and camps out while attending the religious services. The past Christmas



THE NEW AND THE OLD DOPPER CHURCHES AT PRETORIA.
Photo by G. Stuart Jones, Pretoria.

was unusually remarkable, because President Kruger opened the new Dopper Church, which, as you will see from the photograph, stands near the old Dopper Church.

The services at the churches were a timely act of propitiation, for the Transvaal had just witnessed a strange phenomenon, which occurred at Elandsfontein. The Sunday after Christmas Day was hot and muggy, the thermometer registering 84 degrees in the shade. About four o'clock in the afternoon, dark clouds came up from the south, a dust-storm drove everyone indoors, and hail-stones of the size here shown began to come down, at first slowly and soon heavily, until the rattle on the galvanised iron roofs was deafening. During the storm, which did not last twenty minutes, the sun came out and a very brilliant rainbow appeared, luminous and bright against the dark background of clouds in the south-east.

If proof were wanted that the African elephant is not yet within measurable distance of extinction, it will be found in Mr. Arthur Neumann's "Elephant-Hunting in East Equatorial Africa," published a few weeks ago by Mr. Rowland Ward. The book differs essentially from the majority of works on African sport, being the record of expeditions made for the express purpose of obtaining ivory. I have not been at the pains to total up the author's bag, but as on his two red-letter days he shot fourteen and eleven elephants to his own rifle, working on foot and in country not particularly easy, it will be seen that, in the less accessible parts of the continent, large herds still exist. One may not be in sympathy with elephant-shooting as a purely commercial enterprise, but all must yield to the spell of exciting adventure modestly told. Rarely disturbed in the remote districts visited by Mr. Neumann,



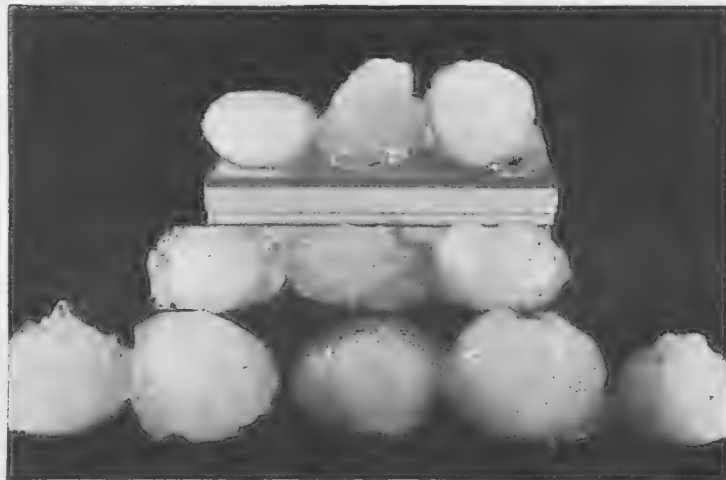
THE REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH AT PRETORIA AS IT APPEARED ON CHRISTMAS DAY.
Photo by G. Stuart Jones, Pretoria.

the elephants measure all human foes by the timorous natives, and when attacked are as ready to fight as to fly. One of the author's adventures came near costing him his life. That he recovered says much for his vitality. The country on the northern side of Mount Kenia and towards Lake Rudolph teems with game of all kinds, but animals other than elephants

were not called upon to contribute to the bag, save for meat. The author has the knack of securing the confidence of savage tribes, and is interested in their manners and customs, whereby his book appeals strongly to others than shooting men. The illustrations by Messrs. Caldwell, Millais, and Lodge are some of the best and most artistic I have ever seen in a book of this sort.

Mr. Thorold, an English gentleman who has just arrived at Tunis in his 320-ton yacht *Lady Godiva*, has had an amusing experience. He was walking his deck one afternoon, when he espied a gorgeous Oriental, dressed in the most striking red and green, being rowed about in a barge, and evidently admiring the yacht exceedingly. Being good-natured and fond of Orientals, Mr. Thorold engaged the stranger in conversation, and, finding him interested in yachts, invited him to come on board. The invitation was accepted, and the stranger took occasion to mention that he was Prince Mahomet, son of the Bey of Tunis. Mr. Thorold was considerably impressed, and, after having shown his guest all over the yacht, took him to his saloon, which is furnished with wonderful embroideries and adorned with water-colours by the best masters. The Prince won everybody's heart, smoking some excellent havanas and drinking a bottle of champagne with the utmost condescension. When at last he took his leave, he invited his host to return the visit at the Palace of Marsa next day, offering to send carriages to fetch him.

So Mr. Thorold went to a photographer in the Avenue de la Marine to order an instantaneous apparatus, which he thought might be useful at the palace, particularly as the Prince had promised to introduce him to his harem. Next day, the Prince arrived himself to fetch Mr. Thorold, and graciously consented to stop at the photographer's on the way. The man was rather slow, and Mr. Thorold sought to hurry him up by mentioning that his Highness Prince Mohamet was waiting outside. The photographer came out with the parcel, and found that his



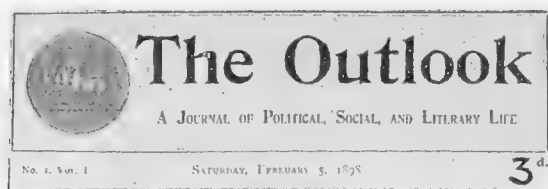
MONSTER HAILSTONES WHICH THUNDERED ON ELANDSFONTEIN.
Photo by Francis Pollard, Elandsfontein.

Highness was a notorious guide who haunts the bazaars and has often imposed upon strangers in the most barefaced way. I am told that he once went to Malta, represented himself as a member of the family of the Bey of Tunis, and was entertained by a number of officers for several days undetected.

A very learned article on the early origin of chess, by Professor A. A. Macdonell, one of the Sanskrit Professors at Oxford, appears in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society. He has lately found a reference to the game in an old Sanskrit work by an author named Bana, who is known to have lived in the early part of the seventh century A.D., when the game was played at the Court of Sriharsa, the King of Kanyakubja, in Northern India. The oldest name of chess is the Sanskrit word *Caturanga*, from which the more modern name is evidently derived—that is, *Shatranj*, the word by which the game is now known in India, as well as in the Persian and Arabic languages. The old Sanskrit name seems to have meant "having four limbs," or "four-membered," having a reference to the pieces as soldiers, or an army—that is, the pieces represented the four forces that constituted an army in early times; these were elephants, chariots, horsemen, and foot-soldiers. The pawns are the footmen, the chariot is now represented by the castle, and the bishop has been transformed from the elephant.

Alberuni describes the game of chess as it was played in the tenth century A.D., and, according to that writer, four persons took part, one at each side of the board. Only eight pieces were allowed to one player; these were the king, elephant, horse, tower, and four pawns, occupying two rows of four on each, at the right-hand corner, and it would appear that the moves were regulated by the chances of dice which were thrown. Although the fourfold game was played, Professor Macdonell thinks that the dual arrangement was the original, because the game represents war in miniature, and four armies fighting would be unusual. The quadruple form of the game is more likely to have been a development from the game of Pachisi, the Indian backgammon, than from chess. This, and many other points in connection with the game, is discussed in Professor Macdonell's learned article.

From an early copy which I have seen, I am inclined to look forward with considerable hopefulness to the coming of the new journal, the *Outlook*, on Saturday next. This is to be a threepenny newspaper, edited by Mr. Percy Hurd, well known as the editor of the *Canadian Gazette* and as a journalist intimately acquainted with our colonial politics. Mr. Hurd's journal will inherit some of the associations



THE HEADING OF THE NEW THREEPENNY WEEKLY.

of the now defunct *New Review*. Among its attractions, for example, will be a regular literary article by Mr. Henley, whose work in journalism has been very small of late. I counted it for one of the weaknesses of the *New Review* that Mr. Henley, its accomplished editor, wrote so little in it himself; that he is to write for the *Outlook* is a definite element of strength for the new journal. Mr. Hurd is to have many other contributors of eminence, and I anticipate a considerable success to him from the clever way in which he has marshalled his contributors. The paper has a distinctly bright and pleasing appearance. The price, as I have said, will be threepence, a price which has not been an encouraging one hitherto, only two important journals—the *Athenaeum* and *Punch*—having been successful at that figure. This, however, is, in my judgment, due only to the fact that the public has not been offered in other connections precisely what they wanted for

New Testament, as is sufficiently shown by his most suggestive and able little book, "St. Mark's Indebtedness to St. Matthew." He is preparing a controversial article on Nelson for the *English Historical Review*. Mr. Beazley, formerly a Balliol man, and late Fellow of Merton, is author of a most elaborate work, "The Dawn of Modern Geography," which he proposes to extend to the times respectively of Marco Polo, Columbus, and Captain Cook.

An evening contemporary makes merry over the peculiar news published by a Sierra Leone English newspaper, such as: "It is reported that thirteen British warships and Chemulpo, Russian, have occupied Kinchan. . . . Protest supersession of the Britisher Brown by Russia as Financial Adviser." This is very funny, but a quotation in the same evening paper from the *Daily News* correspondent at Cairo—given in all seriousness in another column—is a little peculiar: "The Cameroons have now reached Assouan, while the leading companies of the Lincolns have already arrived at Berber." The latter part of this is, of course, quite intelligible; but few would recognise the Cameron Highlanders in "the Cameroons." What a difference the doubling of a letter makes!

A very interesting theatrical experiment is on the point of being made at Turin, where a strong committee of representative artists and men of letters, architects, sculptors, scene-painters, and so on, are starting a so-called Theatre of Art (*Teatro d'Arte*), the first performance of which will take place this month at the Turin Teatro Gerbino. The programme is, in all save one respect, admirably catholic, for comedies old and new will be given, the combination of the ancient and modern repertory with plays hitherto unheard promising to bear good fruit. Aspiring dramatists are invited to send in their work, which will be carefully read, judged, and, if suitable, accepted. The committee further state that, besides choosing good plays, they hope also to present scenic effects of high excellence and finished and artistic representations



LURCHER (MASTER SLOANE).



SHERWOOD (MASTER CHRISTIE).



LYDIA (MISS KAY) AND DOROTHY (MISS HART).

"DOROTHY," AS PLAYED BY CHILDREN AT ANERLEY.

Photographs by Edward Goodwin, Anerley.

their money. The price of a journal is an absolutely unimportant factor, the essential thing being that it should provide good money's worth of what a section of the community actually requires. There is no reason why we should not have a successful review at threepence. I wish Mr. Hurd every possible success in his venture. By the way, Mr. R. L. Stevenson's last unpublished fragment will appear in the second issue.

Under the direction of Mr. C. H. Cellier, brother of the late Alfred Cellier, the composer of "Dorothy," a charming representation of that popular comedy-opera was given by children at Anerley the other evening. Every one of the company was under fifteen years of age, and, but for the natural limitations of the youthful voices apparent in some of the solos, one could easily have forgotten that it was an amateur production by the sons and daughters of residents in the neighbourhood. Nothing was lacking in scenery or dresses to make the opera, as it should be, picturesque and effective. Apart from the vocal excellence, the acting, particularly in the comedy element, reflected the greatest credit on the "coach," the action of the children being natural and without stiffness, and the movements and grouping of the "chorus" alike graceful and pretty. In Miss Hart, as Dorothy, Mr. Cellier was most fortunate, her acting, singing, and appearance leaving little to be desired. Miss Kay's Lydia was also a capital performance, her voice being an excellent one. A very small child (Miss Bone) created roars of laughter as the skittish Mrs. Privett. Of the males, Lurcher (Master Sloane), Squire Bantam (Master Garrett), Sherwood (Master Christie), and Wilder (Master Taylor) were excellent.

Two almost contemporary Oxonians, both thoughtful men of the modern school, and making their way in different branches of literary work, are Mr. Francis Q. Badham and Mr. Raymond Beazley. Mr. Badham, who was a scholar of Exeter, is an authority on the

of the pieces selected. Indeed, they evidently intend to carry the matter on with due regard to art and also to business principles.

It is regrettable, therefore, that they mean to bar all works dealing with "morbid hallucinations," which, I presume, refers to Ibsen dramas and problem-plays of the painful sort. This tabooing of "the drama from the North" seems inconsistent with their professions of not limiting their productions to any school or particular tendency. The *Teatro d'Arte* starts with such high aims that it is devoutly to be wished it may not share the fate of the Family Theatre at Milan, which perished after a short existence, owing to the dulness of its representations.

I have got together again a famous budget of play-titles, the majority of them referring to musical pieces. "The Skirt-Dancer" is the attractive name of a new musical comedy starting on tour in a few weeks; London, I understand, is shortly to have the production of another musical piece, "The Dandy Detective," in which is concerned that pattern pantomime dame, Mr. Victor Stevens, who has renamed his amusing play, "A Merry Madcap," "The Golden Goddess." "Captain Blarney" and "A Son of Satan" are yet other plays of the like composite genre, and under the same category falls "The Hidden Sting." A strong melodrama dealing with the Klondyke rush is called "The Tempter's Power," "The Progress of Sin" is another telling title, and Ireland and the Mutiny are both dealt with in a forthcoming Irish military drama, "The Red Cross." I should add that real dogs and sleighs will be "carried" in the Klondyke play, and that the title "They All Love Jack" sufficiently indicates the nature of the drama to which it has been given. A lethal chamber is to figure in another melodrama, "The Luck of Life," and in the *scène à faire* of this will be employed a new and blood-curdling piece of stage mechanism termed the Disc of Death.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN UNCOMMON VIEW OF IT.

BY W. C. MORROW.

Mr. Clarke Randolph was stupefied by a discovery which he had just made—his wife had proved unfaithful, and the betrayer was his nearest friend, Henry Stockton. If there had been the least chance for a doubt, the unhappy husband would have seized upon it, but there was none whatever.

Let us try to understand what this meant to such a man as Randolph. He was a high-bred, high-spirited man of thirty, descended from a long line of proud and chivalrous men, educated, refined, sensitive, generous, and brave. His fine talents, his dash, his polished manner, his industry, his integrity, his loftiness of character, had lifted him upon the shoulders of popularity and prosperity; so that in the city of his home there was not another man of his age, a member of his profession, the law, who was so well known, so well liked, or wielded such a power.

He had been married four years. His wife was beautiful, winning, and intelligent; and she had always had from him the best devotion that a husband could give his wife. He and Stockton had been friends for many years. Next to his wife, Randolph had loved and trusted him above all others.

Such was the situation. At one stroke he had lost his wife, his home, his best friend, his confidence in human nature, his spirit, his ambition. These—and essentially they were all that made up his life, except the operation of purely animal functions—had gone all at once, without a moment's warning.

Well, there was something to be done. A keen sense of the betrayal, a smarting under the gross humiliation, urged him to the natural course of revenge. This, as he sat crouched down in a chair in his locked office, he began systematically to prepare. The first idea—always first in such cases—was to kill. That, in the case of a man of his spirit and temperament, was a matter of course. Fear of the legal consequences found no place within him. Besides, suicide after the killing would settle that exceedingly small part of the difficulty.

So it was first decided that, as the result of this discovery, three persons had to die—his wife, his friend, and himself. Very well; that took a load from his mind. An orderly and intelligent arrangement of details now had to be worked out. A plan which would bring the largest results in the satisfaction of a desire for revenge must be chosen. The simple death of those two, the bare stoppage of breath, would be wholly inadequate. First, the manner of taking their lives must have the quality of strength and a force which in itself would have a large element of satisfaction; hence it must be striking, deliberate, brutal, if you wish, revolting, if you are particular. Second, it must be preceded by exposure, denunciation, publication, scorn, contempt, and terror.

That much was good—what next? There were various available means for taking life. A revolver suggested itself. It makes a dark-red spot; the very sight of the weapon, held steadily and longer than necessary, levelled at the place where the spot is to appear, is terrifying; there is a look of fright, then uplifted arms, an appeal for mercy, a protest of innocence, a cry to God; after that, the crash, a white face, a toppling to the floor, eyes rolled upward, bluish lips apart, a dark pool on the carpet—all that was very good. The wretched man felt better now that he was beginning to think so clearly.

But there was poison also—poison in variety: arsenic, which burns and corrodes, causing great pain, often for hours; strychnine, which acts through the nerves, producing convulsions and sometimes a fixed distortion of the features, which even the relaxation of death cannot remove; corrosive sublimate, prussic acid, cyanide of potassium—too quick and deadly. It must be a poison, if poison at all, which will bring about a sensible progression through perceptible stages of suffering, so that during this time the efficiency of physical pain may be raised by the addition of mental suffering.

Were these all the methods? Yes—enough for this purpose. Then, which should it be—revolver or poison? It was a difficult problem. Let it first be settled that the three should be together, locked in a room, and that the two guilty ones should suffer first, one at a time.

The revolver won.

Randolph was in the act of leaving his office to go and buy the weapon, when he was startled by what he saw in his office-mirror. It required a moment for him to recognise his own reflection. His face was unnaturally white; a discoloration was under his eyes, which had a glassy appearance; his lips were pressed tightly together, the corners of his mouth drawn down, large dark veins standing out on his temples. Fearing that if, while in this condition, he should apply to a gunsmith for a revolver he would be refused, he stood for some time before the mirror trying to restore the natural expression of his face. He kneaded his lips to remove their stiffness, pinched his cheeks to bring back their colour, rubbed down the ridged veins, and scraped a little of the white plaster from the wall and with it concealed the dark colour under his eyes. Then he went forth with a firm step, bought the revolver without difficulty, tried it, satisfied himself that it was reliable, loaded it, put it into his pocket, and returned to his office.

For there were certain matters of property to be attended to. He had a considerable fortune, all his separate possession; his wife had brought him nothing. He now felt sufficiently clear-minded to dispose

of his estate intelligently. He drew his will—a holographic instrument—devising his wealth to various persons and benevolent societies.

He glanced at his office-clock. There would be four long hours yet before the time for going home to dinner. Fortunately for his plans, Stockton was to dine with them that evening, and neither of the guilty ones knew that they had been discovered. How should Randolph employ these weary hours? There was nothing to do, nothing even to think of. He tried to read a newspaper, then a book, and failed; looked out upon the crowds which thronged the street, counted the passing cars a while, tried other things, failed at everything, and then sat down.

Something was beginning to work in the wretched man. Let us see. His wife, while pretending the warmest affection for him, was receiving the guilty attentions of a traitor in the house. She had betrayed her husband, had wrecked his life, had driven him to his death. Really, therefore, she had swept aside all the obligations which the marriage relation imposed. In essence she was no longer his wife, but a criminal enemy who, with deliberate and abounding malice, had destroyed him. He could go to the grave with a willing heart, but he could not permit her to live and enjoy his downfall and gloat over his destruction.

But would she really do that? And, then—God!—she was a woman! In spite of all that she had done, she was a woman! A strong man, his strength reinforced by a revolver, employs deception to bring a woman into a room, locks the door, insults, humiliates, and terrifies her, brandishes a revolver, and then kills her like a rat in its hole. Can a brave man, of mature judgment and in possession of his faculties, do such a thing? Why, it would be not only murder, but cowardice as well! No; it could not be done. She was still a woman, with all the weakness, all the frailty, which her sex imposed. It could not be done.

After all, it would be far sweeter revenge to let her live, bearing through life a brand of infamy. That would be much better. She would lose her high position and the respect of her friends; the newspapers would publish her shame to the world, pointing her out by name as the depraved woman who had betrayed her husband and driven him to murder and suicide; they would have her portrait in their columns; her name and crime would be hawked upon the street by loud-crying newsboys; sermons denouncing her would be preached in all the churches; her shame would be discussed everywhere—in homes, shops, hotels, and bar-rooms in many cities.

Not only that, but she would be stripped of all the property which she had enjoyed so much. She would be turned adrift upon the streets, for no one would help her, none have a kind word for her, none give her even the respect which money might command. Being thus turned out upon the world all friendless and alone, and being naturally depraved, she would seek the protection of fast and shady men. Thus started, and soon taking to drink, as such women always do, down she would plunge into a reckless and shameless career, sinking lower and lower, losing her beauty, becoming coarse, loud, and vulgar; then, arriving at that stage when her beauty no longer could be a source of revenue, drifting into vile dens, consorting with the lowest and most brutal blackguards, finding herself dragged often before police-magistrates, first for drunkenness and then for theft, serving short terms in prison with others as low; finally, one night brought shrieking with delirium tremens to the police-station, bundled out to the hospital, strapped firmly to an iron bed, and then dying with foul oaths on her lips—such a life would be infinitely worse than death; such revenge immeasurably vaster than that of the pistol. Then it was finally decided that she must live and suffer.

As to the friend—as to Stockton, the betrayer, the sneak, the coward—he should die like a dog. That decision could not be reconsidered. He should not be granted the privilege of a duel, for not only was he wholly undeserving of such consideration, but by such means his life might be spared. Undoubtedly she loved him; perhaps he loved her. He living and the husband killed in a duel, their satisfaction would be doubled—having wrecked and humiliated him and driven him to despair, they then killed him. After that they could enjoy each other's society openly, unmolested, and without fear of detection or punishment. Besides, they might marry and both be happy. This was unthinkable. He must be killed, he must die like a dog, and he must go to his death with a foul stain on his name.

These things being settled, the wretched man re-read the will. As the woman was to live, she must be mentioned in the document. He tore up the will and wrote another, in which he bequeathed her one dollar, setting forth her shame as the reason for so small a bequest. Then he wrote out a separate statement of the whole affair, sealed it, addressed it to the coroner, and placed it in his pocket. It would be found there after a while.

Well, why this trembling in every member, this unaccountable nausea, this unconquerable feeling of horror and repugnance as the draft of the picture was contemplated? Did instinct arise and dumbly plead for mercy? What mercy had been shown that mercy could be expected? None whatever. There was not only revenge to be satisfied, but justice also. Still, it was horrible! Admit that she deserved it all, deserved even more, she was a woman! No act of hers could deprive her of her natural claims upon the stronger sex. As a woman she had inalienable rights which even she could not forfeit, which men may not withhold. And then, where could be the benefit of adding physical suffering to mental? One surely would weaken the force of the other. The lower

she should fall and the deeper her degradation, the smaller would become the efficiency of her mental agony; and yet mental suffering was the kind which it was desired should fall upon her.

It would be well, therefore, to leave her some money—a considerable amount of money—in order that, holding herself above the want which in her case would lead to degradation and a blunting of the sensibilities, she might suffer all the more keenly; in order that the memory of her shame might be for ever poignant, for ever a cause for the sharpest regrets. This would be better in other ways: her shame published, she could never associate with those fine characters who had been her friends; her lover dead and his memory disgraced, he could not be present to console her; for society she would have only those whom her fortune would attract, and they were not of a kind to satisfy such a woman as she. She would always be within sight of the old life and its pleasures, but just beyond the pale—sufficiently near to see and long for, but too far to reach, and for ever kept back by the cold glance of contempt and disdain from the high circle in which she had been reared.

Therefore, it were better to leave her the bulk of his fortune. So he tore up the second will and wrote a third, in which, while naming her as his principal legatee, he incorporated the story of her shame. He felt better now than at any other time since his discovery. He walked about the room, looked out the window, then fell into his chair again.

How strangely alike in many respects are all animals, including man! he thought. There are qualities and passions common to them all—hate, fear, anger, revenge, love, fondness for offspring. In what is man superior to the others? Manifestly in self-control, a sense of justice, the attribute of mercy, the quality of charity, the power to forgive, the force of benevolence, the operation of gratitude, an appreciation of abstractions, an ability to compare, contrast, and adjust, consciousness of an inherent tendency to higher and better achievements. To the extent that he lacks these does he approach more closely to the lower orders. To the degree that the passions common to all have mastery over him does he lack the finer qualities which distinguish his species. The desire to kill when hurt, angered, or threatened is the stronger the lower we descend in the scale of the orders—the lower we descend even among the members of the same order. The least-developed men are the most brutal. Revenge is the malice of anger.

It is strange that his thoughts should have taken such a turn!

And then, the fundamental instinct which guards the perpetuation of the species is common to all, and its manifestations are controlled by a universal law, whose simple variations do not impair its integrity. Love and mating—these are the broad lines upon which the perpetuation of the species starts. What possible abstractions are there in them? Is not their character concrete and visible? Whatever fine sentiments are evolved, we know their source and comprehend their function. There is no mystery here.

What is this jealousy, which all animals may have? It is an instinctive resentment, by one of a mated pair, of something which interferes with a pleasant established system, the basis of which is perpetuation of the species. Higher mankind has the ability to dissect it, analyse it, understand it, and guard against its harmful operation; herein lie distinguishing qualities of superiority. If, when his jealousy is roused, he is unable to act any differently from the lion, the horse, or the dog, then, in that regard, he is not superior to them. Man, being an eater of meat, is a savage animal, like the dog, the tiger, the panther, the lion. His passions are strong, as are theirs; but he has qualities which enable him to hold them in check. If an animal have a strong attachment for his mate, he will fight if she be taken from him; this is the operation of jealousy. If he be a savage animal, he will kill if he can or dare. Few males among the animals will kill their deserting mates; that is left for man, the noblest of the animals. The others are content to kill the seducer. What thankfulness there is for escape from an act, so recently contemplated, which would have placed its perpetrator below the level of the most savage of the brutes! In what, of all that was now proposed to be done, was there any quality to distinguish the acts from those of the most savage brute, except a more elaborate detail, the work of superior malice and ferocity? Is it a wonder that Randolph shuddered when he thought of it?

The broadest characteristic of all animals, including man, is selfishness. In man it reaches its highest form, and becomes vanity, pride, and a ridiculous sense of self-importance. But man alone is conscious of its existence, character, and purpose; he alone encourages its rational development and suppresses the most evil of its abuses. The animal which would fight or kill from jealousy is moved by a selfish motive only. It proceeds to satisfy its anger or gratify its revenge without any regard to the ethics, without any thought of its obligations to nature, without the slightest wish to inquire whether there may not be in the cause of its jealousy a natural purpose which is proceeding upon the very lines that led to its mating. A man, however, can think of these things, weigh them carefully, understand them approximately, and then advance in the light of wisdom. If not, he is no better in this regard than the animal which cannot so reason and understand.

This manner of thinking was bringing the unhappy man closer to himself.

Then, having faced the proposition that he had been considering his own case all along, he found the situation to be somewhat like this: he had a certain understanding which should operate to remove him from influences which with men of inferior conceptions would be more powerful. Not being a brute, he should rise above impulses which a brute is constrained by its nature to obey. So much was clear. Then what should he do? He pondered this long and seriously.

Was it possible to wipe out the past with exposure, humiliation, shame, and blood? He had been proud of her, he had loved her, he had been very, very happy with her. She had been his inspiration, a part of his hopes, ambition, life. True, she had undone all this, but the memory of it remained. Until this recent act of shame, she had been kind, unselfish, gentle, and faithful. Who knows why she fell? Who could sound the depths of this strange mystery, who measure the capacity of her resistance, who judge her frailty with a righteous mind, who say that at that very moment she was not suffering unspeakable things? And then, was there anyone so noble of character, with integrity so unflinching and so far beyond temptation, that he might say he was better than she? Her weakness—should we presume to call it depravity when we cannot know, and might we with intelligent knowledge of our own conduct lay the whole responsibility upon her and none upon that which made her? If we are human, let us seek wherein we may convince ourselves that we are not brutes. Compassion is an attribute of a noble character. The test of manhood is the exercise of manly qualities.

What good would come from this revenge of humiliation and exposure? It would not mend the wrong; it would not save life; it would be only proof of the vanity, the sense of self-importance, of the injured one. Would it be possible to spare her? Yes. That finally was settled. She should live; she should have the property; she should be left to enjoy life as best she could without the shadow of a stain upon her name. That were the nobler part, the test of manhood. And then, the past could not be forgotten!

Randolph felt so much better after arriving at this decision that he marvelled at himself. He walked about the room feeling strong and elastic. He tore up the will because it charged her crime upon her; tore up the letter to the coroner; collected all the scraps of paper and carefully burned them. Then he drew a new will, free from stain, leaving all his property to his wife. He did not on that, but he wrote her a letter—formal, of course—merely saying that he had found his life a mistake; this he sealed, addressed, and placed in his pocket.

Stockton—the false friend, the betrayer and destroyer—he should die like a dog. But not with a stain on his name—that were impossible, because it would reflect upon her.

Here was a new situation. The two men would be found dead, likely in the same room—the friend and the husband. What would people think? A duel? For what reason? Murder and suicide? Who had handled the weapon, and for what possible cause? The road which suspicion would travel was too short and wide. The fair name of the wife was to be guarded—that had been decided upon, and now it was the first consideration.

There were other matters to be thought of. Suppose that Stockton had been the husband and Randolph the friend. God! let us think. Have brutes, frenzied with rage and jealousy, the power to hold nature's mirror before the heart, to feel compassion, to exercise charity, to weigh with a steady hand the weaknesses and frailties of their kind, to feel humility, to bow the head before the inscrutable ways of nature? Have they not? No? Well, then, have men? If they have not, they are no better in that regard than brutes. Besides, would it punish Stockton to kill him? There can be no punishment in death; it can be only in dying; but even dying is not unpleasant, and death is the absence of suffering. There was no way under heaven to give him adequate punishment.

Nor was that all. *She* loved him—that must be so. What would be the benefit of removing him from her life? It would be merely revenge—revenge upon both of them; and where lies the nobility of such revenge? If they both should live, both go unexposed, they might be happy together.

After all, whom would that disturb, with whose pleasure interfere? Surely no sound of their happiness could penetrate the grave; violence would be done to none of nature's laws. Why should they not be happy? If they could, why should they not? Was there any reason under the sun that wisdom, charity, compassion, and a high manhood could give why they should not be happy?

But suppose that she should suspect the cause of her husband's suicide, this would likely poison her life, for the consciousness of guilt would give substance to suspicion. The result would be an abhorrence of self, a detestation of the participant in her sin, a belief that the blood of her husband was upon her head, and a long train of evils which would seriously impair, if not wholly destroy, the desired serenity of her life. Was there any way to prevent the birth of such a suspicion?

Yes; there was a way. As soon as Randolph had worked it out he felt as if an enormous load had been removed from him. His eyes shone brightly, his cheeks were flushed, and a look of pride and triumph lighted up his face.

He returned to his chair, removed the revolver from his pocket and laid it on the table; wrote his wife an affectionate letter, in which he told her that he had just become aware of an incurable ailment which he had not the courage to face through months or years of suffering, and begged her to look to Stockton for friendship and advice; wrote to Stockton, charging him with her protection; burned the last will that he had made and drew a new one, in which he left them the property jointly, on condition that they marry within two years. Then, with a perfectly clear head, he laid down his pen and sighed, but his face was bright and tranquil. He picked up the revolver, cocked it, placed the muzzle against his temple, and, without the tremor of a nerve, he pressed the trigger.

THE HOME OF SWIFT'S STELLA.

Surrey is undeniably a beautiful county, with its blue, waving hills and sandy lanes, its bracken and its heather; but never was I so struck by the exceeding beauty of the scenery as on a visit to Waverley Abbey. It was an ideal day in early summer, and as we entered the park gates, leading to the ruins, haymakers were busy with the sweet grass, and the scent of roses and of newly turned hay filled the air.

A soft breeze sighed through the fine old trees, birds sang their jubilant songs, and shadows chased each other over the grass. To the left rose heavy masses of dark pines with their red stems, dominated by the misty blue of the pine-clad Crooksbury Hill. It was a scene not easily forgotten.

The ruins are of great extent—though merely a fragment of the vast original structure—grass-grown and silent, except for the cawing of rooks and the twittering of small birds, who perch themselves upon the young trees growing up amid the roofless walls, which are covered with lovely creeping plants and tiny ferns. Here and there you see a patch of lovely tracery in a half-decayed window, or a sun-dial in good preservation close to a coffin of Purbeck stone.

Waverley Abbey was the first Cistercian monastery in England, founded at first (in 1128) simply for an abbot and some monks; but as the years swept by it grew in grandeur and in power. Waverley, indeed, is said to have been one of the cradles of learning in the kingdom. And learning clung to the venerable pile until almost modern times, for it is intimately connected with the romantic story of Jonathan Swift. At Waverley Park gates stands Stella's cottage, which is almost exactly opposite to the lodge, across the little river, and very near the old mill, which has recently been burnt down. Stella—in reality, only prosaic Esther Johnson—was a daughter of the steward who managed Moor Park (Sir William Temple's estate), and her cottage is situated just on the outskirts of Moor Park, near one of the large entrances, from which a long carriage-drive leads to the mansion from that side of the park. The present mansion was built by Sir William Temple, the well-known statesman, in 1686. On his retirement from public life, he first lived at Sheen, but, hankering for the Surrey hills, he bought a large, picturesque estate near Farnham, and almost within a stone's-throw of Waverley Abbey. Here he built a fine mansion, which became exceedingly dear to him, the more so as he considered it was by his own skill and taste that he had called it into being. There hangs a rumour about Farnham to this day that, although his body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, his heart was buried under a sun-dial, on one of the lawns at Moor Park, sloping down to the river.

Sir William went backwards and forwards to Sheen, until his son, disappointed as to an enterprise on which he had set his heart, rashly made away with himself. From that time he took up his abode entirely at Moor Park, and tried to forget his trouble by laying out fresh lawns, alleys, and terraces, mostly in the Dutch style, which he had learnt to admire in his frequent visits to Holland.

pleasant inmate in a house, and Sir William's sister (Lady Giffard) cordially detested him. He was like a chained lion in his dependent position; he felt himself intellectually the superior of those with whom he came in contact at Moor Park, and to them he was a nobody. But there was one personage who took a deep interest in him—the little Stella. From the first moment of their meeting the pair had been drawn together. They became closer friends than ever when he began to direct her studies. We are not told if Swift succeeded in making the young girl clever, but he succeeded in making her love him, with a love that outlasted all neglect and change; through evil report and good report her love for him burnt brightly, but it consumed her delicate frame.

Stella's death has been attributed to one disease and then another, but, in plain English, Swift killed her, indirectly it is true, but none the less surely. She took the deepest interest, poor soul, in all his pursuits, and her absolute belief in his future greatness all came true. He was a man not likely to be overlooked in the great arena of life, and King William early discovered the young secretary's abilities as Swift walked with him round the beautiful gardens at Moor Park.

There is really no excuse to be found for his behaviour to Stella. It was doubtless true that he loved her as well as it was possible for him to love anyone; but, then, he loved himself far better, and no thought for Stella's wishes and welfare was allowed to interfere with the path he had laid down for himself. Her companionship and sympathy were necessary to

him in one sense, so he got her to take up her abode in Ireland, and, settling down in a house not far from the Deanery, she became the centre of his circle. Mindful, however, of Dublin scandal, Mistress Rebecca Dingley, who had lived with Stella in England, now played the duenna in Ireland, and remained with the ill-fated Stella until her death.

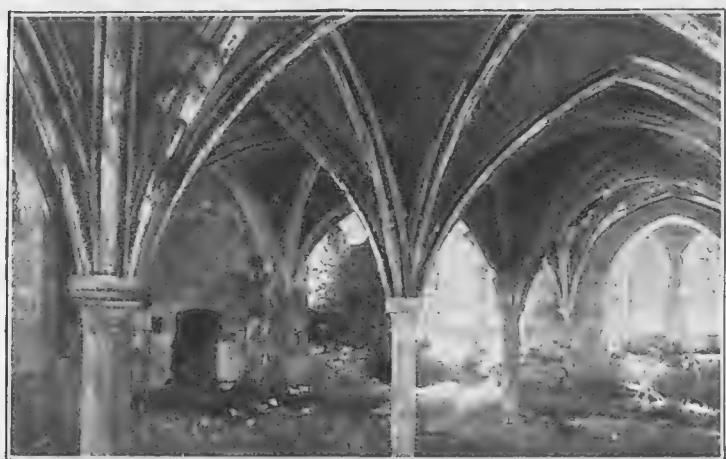
Mr. Craik declares that Swift actually went through the form of marriage with Stella, but never would acknowledge her as his wife. "They never met alone, they never lived in the same house, and, though all his thoughts and cares were shared by her, the bond was never in reality a closer one." This ceremony is the most mysterious transaction of Swift's dark and mysterious life. And it seems hard to understand, even with all Stella's love and self-sacrifice, how she could have put up with such an indignity. For him, we can only suppose that he was sometimes afraid of losing her by marriage with somebody else.

Then came the melancholy end, and Swift's remorse. When Stella was buried, late at night, in St. Patrick's, Swift was too ill to attend; and when, during the last ceremony, the lights in the Cathedral flashed over the windows of the Deanery, which is opposite, Swift shrank and cowered, as if the gleaming light had struck him, and begged to be taken to another apartment. In Stella he had lost his all. SARAH CATHERINE BUDD.

The Great Northern Railway Company have again arranged with Messrs. Walter Hill and Co., of 67 and 69, Southampton Row, W.C., for the preparation of a list of seaside, farmhouse, and country lodgings to be let during the summer months at places in connection with the



STELLA'S COTTAGE.
Photo by Griffin, Weybridge.



WAVERLEY ABBEY.
Photo by Chester Vaughan, Acton.



SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S MANSION.
Photo by Chester Vaughan, Acton.

It was to this pretty place that young Swift came in 1689 as secretary to Sir William. He was poor and raw, for he owed his position to his mother's relationship with Sir William's wife, Dorothy Osborne. Proud, sensitive, and passionate, the moody youth could not have been a very

Great Northern Railway. The station-masters at the various Great Northern stations are collecting the necessary information, and will give full particulars on application. Inquiries can also be addressed to Mr. I. Alexander, Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross Station.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

PANTOMIME POSTERS.

The poster for the pantomime is a very particular development, or, if one prefers so to regard it, a very particular department of the theatrical poster. It has its be-all and end-all in humour, whether it be the grotesque humour of the subject or the humour of the line of the artist.



POSTER DESIGNED BY A GROSVENOR SQUARE YOUNG LADY.
Reproduced by permission of Waterlow and Sons, Limited.

It is true that the first is usually the element to which the designer leans, but, as a classic instance of the second, perhaps the Beggarstaff design of two or three years ago for the production of Sir Augustus Harris's "Cinderella" will be most readily recalled. In that finely constructed piece the humour of the thing lay rather in the amazingly clever drawing of the footmen, particularly their backs, and of the actual pose of the Cinderella arriving at the palace. This is, indeed, the humour of many of the Beggarstaff posters and of a few Dudley Nardys. To most other workers in that field of pantomime posters the grotesqueness of the situation and the incidents of the story itself supply the material for amusement. In one instance, however, reproduced herewith, Mr. Alick P. F. Ritchie has actually based the effectiveness of his composition upon pathos, although the necessary element of fun is supplied in the fantastic sheep in the distance. This is a poster for "Bo-Peep"—a maiden sitting in the moonlight. The trees are admirably drawn, and the whole thing is, for that which it proposes to be, an attractive composition.

Of the four other specimens of Mr. Ritchie's work herewith given, the least interesting is, perhaps, his "Aladdin," which suffers from being somewhat tormented, and the drawing is less good than in the admirable "Bo-Peep." "Aladdin," too, has less of the humorous element in it than is desirable for work of this kind. On the other hand, the "Cinderella" is just so good because it is really funny. The sister standing before the hanging-glass is the perfect exemplar of the ugly housemaid, and there is a possibility, admirably invented and worked out, in the tray of cosmetics—paint, lip-salve, pearly-grey, and what not—which the second sister is fatuously holding upon her knee. It was an excellent "hit," also, to choose for the "Babes in the Wood" illustration the incident of the duel between the two murderers while the Babes look on from a distance. For here, again, the possibility of turning a duel into a broad piece of burlesque is an obvious one, and it is one accordingly which Mr. Ritchie has not failed to make the most of. The poster of "Robinson Crusoe," on the other hand, is scarcely so successful, because the incident is, in the first place, not sufficiently explanatory, and, secondly, it is for that very reason not sufficiently entertaining.

Mr. Arthur Collins, no mean artist himself, got hold of his "Babes" poster in a curious way. One day a design in colours on the usual millboard was left without any accompanying letter, nor was the drawing signed. It was a clever piece of work, distinctly original, and for some weeks it adorned the mantelpiece of the general office, waiting to be claimed. The artist arrived, but she was anything but the usual type of starving genius. She was evidently still in her teens, and in appearance best described as smart. It appears that she had a taste for drawing and took it up as an amateur, and this very sketch she had already submitted to another manager of a place of entertainment, who, after keeping it for some time, returned it, avowing that he had no use for it, having had it copied meanwhile. Luckily, the young lady, who hailed from the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square, and is the daughter of an officer of high military rank, was not affected by this treatment; but the heartless manager did not know that. In the end the young lady, who prefers to preserve her anonymity, made some designs for a poster (reproduced here) which were chosen out of several score sent in. She is now regularly engaged in making sketches for Drury Lane Theatre.

So far, then, as a discussion may be concluded from these examples, and from the effective poster here also included, drawn by the "young lady of Grosvenor Square," it would seem that for the production of a genuinely interesting pantomime poster two elements are absolutely necessary, the choice of a single, intelligible incident, which may or may not be humorous in itself, and, second, a humorous treatment applied to that incident. To go back for a moment to Mr. Ritchie's "Aladdin" poster, for example, the choice of the incident of Aladdin's summoning the genius of the lamp is obvious enough; but, seeing that he has not treated his subject with any particular keenness of humour, he would surely have done better to have selected an episode which in itself was essentially funnier—the disappearance of Aladdin's palace, for example.

The discussion of colour in connection with this kind of poster does not come in here, since everything applies to it that applies to the general poster. In the matter of colour, however, as everybody knows, the Beggarstaff brothers have repeated success after success. To come again to that "Cinderella" production already mentioned, nobody can ever forget the scheme of green, red, and white which, by some subtle quality of mingling, added to the splendid aspect of the bowing footmen. Here it may be mentioned, by the way, that the particular choice



POSTER DESIGNED BY ALICK RITCHIE.
Reproduced by permission of David Allen and Sons, Limited.

of the incident of Cinderella's arrival at the palace was a risky one, and needed all this sense of humour to bring it to a triumphant issue. In this respect, Mr. Ritchie was, at all events, on the safer side when he chose the scene of the toilette of the two sisters.

PANTOMIME POSTERS DESIGNED BY ALICK RITCHIE.

Reproduced by permission of David Allen and Sons, Limited.



A CHAT WITH "HER ROYAL HIGHNESS."

I am a maid of lofty grade—
The King is my papa!
A Royal Princess, as you may guess—
The Queen is my mamma!

So sang Miss Louie Pounds the other afternoon, and I wondered, as I sat in my seat at Terry's, whether her Royal Highness would so far



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS THE PRINCESS AND MR. WATSON AS HER SOLDIER LOVER, AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

smile upon my suit as to grant me ten minutes' talk on behalf of *The Sketch*. But I was soon reassured, for, there, on one side of the footlights, was the pretty Princess carolling sweetly—

Since three years old, I have been told
By every Governess,
To be polite (it's only right,
Although a proud Princess);

and, on this side, thanks, no doubt, to the benignant influence of those governesses, came a message that she would see me as soon as the curtain fell.

Without loss of time, I made my way to the Princess's boudoir—known in ordinary prosaic parlance as her "dressing-room"—and there, sure enough, was her Royal Highness, all-glorious in a shimmer of satin and gleam of pearls, holding out her hand with a frank smile that had something boyish in it, and reminded me that, but an hour ago, this Princess was a Prince—for were we not in Fairyland, where dull mundane laws and sober reason are suspended, and everything is delightfully inconsequent, inconsistent, and paradoxical?

And so we sit down for a chat: *Sketch* and the three others (*à la* Oliver Wendell Holmes's John), the Prince, the Princess, and Miss Louie Pounds—*tria juncta in uno*. And we begin at once to talk "shop."

"Tired? Oh no; I like my work too much for it to tire me," was the first cheery remark of the clever lady who has made such a "hit" as a most debonair and refined boy-Prince and a dainty Princess in the pretty Hans Andersen Fairy-Tales arranged for the stage by Basil Hood and set to music by Walter Slaughter.

"Poor Terriss used to say that the part he was playing at the time he was asked was always the part he liked best. Is that so with you?" I inquired.

"I can say 'Yes' emphatically. I never had such good parts before," said Miss Pounds.

"Someone has said that all girls at some time or other would prefer to be boys, but I believe they generally discard that idea when their hair is put up and their frocks let down. But which do *you* prefer, Miss Pounds, playing the Prince or the Princess?"

"Oh," said she, without hesitation, "I love playing the Prince best. It is more varied and gives me more opportunities. The Princess is a

dainty part, but, of course, more conventional. I never played a boy-part of any importance before, and I am so glad people seem to like it!"

"What was your first part, and how came you to take to the stage?" I asked, wondering how, with what I knew must be a brief experience, Miss Pounds had been able to all at once spring to the front.

And then I learned, in a few unaffected phrases, how Miss Pounds commenced her stage-life only some half-dozen years or so ago in the chorus of a touring company, which she joined chiefly to be a companion to one of her sisters, who had an engagement in it. How, too, she had understudied Miss Kate Cutler in "In Town," and played Lady Gwendoline when Miss Cutler took up Miss St. John's part; how, also, she had played in "The Gaiety Girl," a small part, understudying the title-rôle and afterwards playing it. Later, she played Amy Cripps in "An Artist's Model" at Daly's, going to America with the company afterwards, but coming back to take up her engagement as Dorothy Travers in "The French Maid," which, before it came to Terry's, had a long tour in the provinces, and is going to be transferred to the Vaudeville on the 12th, as Mr. Terry requires his theatre.

"And, after six years' experience, how do you like the profession?" I ventured to ask.

"More and more every day, especially now that I am getting on," the Princess added with that frankness which suits her so well. "I had thoughts of comedy at first; but, now that my voice has developed, I am studying hard with Mr. Franklin Clive, and hope to turn it to account. It is mezzo-soprano, with some low notes in it. No, I was not 'intended' for the stage as a girl. My mother, who died when I was only two years old, used to sing in public until she was married, and my brother Courtice and my sisters always had good voices; but mine was a long time coming, and, although I always had a secret desire to go on the stage, I went through just the usual sort of education for girls, and then learned shorthand, and could write a hundred and fifty words a minute, but I have no use for it now."

Those who have seen and heard Miss Louie Pounds at Terry's know what charm and talent she has shown, and her enthusiasm for her profession should carry her far. Living in a tiny flat in Kensington, with her sister, she spends such leisure as she has in reading—liking much the modern novel, but having no "views," declaring with a smile that "twenty years hence will be time enough for that"—and going much to the theatres when she can spare time, as players will, upon the principle which made the Brixton 'bus-driver take a ride from Blackwall to Oxford Circus on another 'bus whenever he got a "day off."



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS THE PRINCESS IN "THE SOLDIER AND THE TINDER-BOX," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis Upper Baker Street, N.W.

I found, further, that Miss Pounds is always nervous on the stage, that she has the true artist's discontent with her own work, and is always hoping to "do better," and that she has had no more startling adventure on the boards than being once rolled up in the curtain and doing a sort of involuntary Grigolati act, with no worse effect than a shaking.



*Don't think we are two
Real men—if you do,
You are victims of foolish fallacies!*



*We're mechanical toys!
Which the King employs,
To guard his Royal Palaces.*



*Our figures are good,
But are made of wood,
And our hair stuck on with gum is;*



*And our legs will work,
But it's done with a jerk,
By the clockwork in our tummies.*

THE CLOCKWORK SOLDIERS IN "THE SOLDIER AND THE TINDER-BOX," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS THE PRINCE IN HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES,
AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS THE PRINCE MASQUERADING AS THE SWINEHERD,
AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT DRURY LANE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W



THE SPIRIT OF CASTIGATION (MR. ALFRED BALFOUR).



THE SPIRIT OF INDIGESTION (MR. CHARLES ANGELO).



MISS GERTIE GIRTON (MISS ALICE BARNETT).



THE MUSIC-MASTER (MR. E. MORGAN).

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT DRURY LANE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE AIDE-DE-CAMP (MISS RITA HARRISON).



THE FIELD-MARSHAL (MISS HOOTEN).



BILL AND WILL (GRIFFIN AND DUBOIS).



MARION (MISS ROBINSON), AND PRINCE PARAGON (MISS ADA BLANCHE).

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

A friend of mine, who has a surprising appetite for pantomimes, confessed to me the other day that he had made a round of the suburban theatres, and was still insatiable. He had seen seventeen Robinson Crusoes, Cinderellas, Babes in the Wood, Pusses in Boots, and so forth; he had even digested the pantomime at Crouch End; and he yearned for more! "Let us to the provinces," he said, with smacking lips. "Think of Liverpool, my boy, Manchester, Edinburgh!" I said I had been informed, on high authority, that there was no magic in pantomime now, no fairy-tale; that I knew Liverpool and Manchester, and they were not cities of romance; that the graces of Edinburgh were chilly at this time of year, even if you threw in Willie's peck o' maut and Rizzio's blood at Holyrood. "Pooh!" he exclaimed. "No magic in seventeen pantomimes, eh? What do you say to this?" I looked at him, and he turned suddenly into a phosphorescent image, waving queer things like tentacles, and crying—

I am the Spirit of the Electrophone!
List, O list, and that you are delighted own!

"The real fire of pantomime verse!" I said, putting a tentacle to my ear. "And someone is singing an original ballad about a coon! Truly, there is magic in this!" "Ha!" said the Spirit. "Now, what do you see upon the floor?" I saw nothing more remarkable than a copy of the *Era*, on which we were standing; but the next moment there was a swish of air, and I found myself at the door of a theatre in Liverpool.

In Liverpool and Manchester I saw eight pantomimes, or rather, snatches of them, for I was whirled from one to another by the unearthly haste of my companion, and my disordered impressions might be described as "Half-Minutes with Low Comedians." By chance, no doubt, these gentlemen were nearly always in possession of the stage, and I was forcibly struck by their exceeding ugliness. In private life, I believe, they are models of manly beauty, but in the glamour of the footlights they sacrifice their looks to humour. When I was a boy, the pantomime humorist was content with an impossible head, usually of a vegetable shape, and a nose of comic proportions. There was nothing repulsive in this ugliness; it was in accordance with a child's idea of the grotesque; but now the popular type of hideousness suggests the infirmary after an accident! One low comedian made believe to be so badly hurt in a fight that his head was a mass of plaster and bandages, dabbled with blood. Is this the fun that children revel in during the holidays? Another performer excited a discussion as to the importance of dirt to music-hall comedy. It was argued that, if he ever came on the stage with a clean face, he would cease to be funny. On this point I have no opinion; and if I am asked why the low comedian makes himself so disagreeable to the eye, I can only surmise that he has the chivalrous desire to enhance by his appearance the charms of the princes and princesses of the fairy-tale. This is quixotic on his part, especially as all the ladies I saw were beautiful enough to dispense with such a contrast.

In the provinces there seems to be a more vigorous relish for "knock-about" business than in London. Here we lead enervating lives, in spite of glove-fights at the National Sports Club; and so I was staggered by the violence with which the comic gentlemen handled one another in the provincial pantomime. The hitting was so fast and free that I wondered whether salaries were proportioned to toughness of skin. Clearly, it was no mere amusement to see a man kicked and buffeted; it was a physical training by proxy; and should I ever have to face the invader, my stamina will be braced by recollections of these feats of endurance. The wit, too, savoured of a bold and roving life, which takes small account of laws, and is partial to strong drink. Here is a typical sally: "I saw your brother yesterday." "The one that has just gone to prison?" "No, the one that has just come out!" Who says the national character is losing its rugged quality, and sinking into a slavish dependence upon the whims of moralists and beaks? In one theatre I was edified by conundrums. "Why is Charlie Beresford like Dick Turpin?" "Because he has had a successful ride to York." When an M.P. can impress himself on the popular imagination like a renowned highwayman, it is absurd to talk as if Parliamentary institutions were sapping the old piratical energy which made the Empire. But what I missed in the provincial pantomimes was the salt of local allusions. In Liverpool there were a few gibes at the Manchester Ship Canal, and at Manchester the police came in for some rather halting satire; but where was the old fresh and telling comment on the recent history of the town? Is municipal government a tyrannical censorship on the topical song? Nowadays, it seems, provincial audiences are often entertained by old London pantomimes; so the raciness of the soil is neglected for the jokes of yesteryear.

As these entertainments enjoy a far greater popularity than any mere drama, there is no extravagant demand at present for new ideas. I tracked several venerable jests from town to town, over the border into bonnie Scotland, where they joined the classic relics of the Modern Athens, skipped jauntily to Aberdeen, and are appreciated, I daresay, in the Orkney and Shetland Islands with a bagpipe accompaniment. It was explained to me that, as the music-hall artist has to invent his business in the pantomime, original talent is not equal to the annual strain. So far, the public is apparently content with the stock allusions to beer and jail-deliveries; but the showman does not try to conceal his anxiety. He wanders about the country in the hope of lighting upon a comic genius, and, with tears in his voice, he deplores the scarcity of new songs. The minstrelsy of the pantomime is still harping upon "coons," infant and adult, and upon coloured beauties who are high-born ladies, dusky but not too shady. What is this eternal charm of black babies for the Caucasian race? Nobody is fond of the negro in his habit as he lives; but when the music-hall artist blackens his face, and when the "principal boy" warbles about the blessed "coon," or the charmer who "isn't coloured—she was born that way," we are dissolved in ecstasy. Civilisation owes much to the African. His religious sentiment inspires our evangelical theology, and his domestic affections sustain our ideals of art.

It is seldom that the editor of a comic journal has the satisfaction of knowing that imprisonment is the supreme joke of his career. This is the happy fortune of Herr Trojan, editor of the *Kladderadatsch*. He has been sent to a fortress for two months for the crime of publishing a cartoon which represented the devil reading to Frederick the Great, and Napoleon, and other famous captains in war, the German Emperor's declaration that only a good Christian can be a good Prussian soldier. At the trial, Herr Trojan proved himself a humorist of the highest order. He said the devil in his picture was intended to reflect not upon the Kaiser, but upon the bigotry which saw more devilry than divinity in the universe. The devil's auditors were not smiling scornfully, as the prosecution implied. How could there be scorn among the illustrious dead? When the devil cited "Old Fritz" against the Kaiser's doctrine, that was legitimate criticism, for everybody knew that the great Frederick did not make war on Christian principles. After this William II. may perceive that shutting up the Comic Spirit in a fortress is a dangerous game for a Sovereign who takes a pantomime demon seriously, and insists upon the kinship between Christianity and soldiering. Herr Trojan is certainly the victor in this encounter, and his retirement will be cheered by the thought that it makes the Imperial theologian more ridiculous than ever.

Perfect sanity demands a certain measure of the critical faculty; and that is as rare among Sovereigns as in literary genius. Tourguéneff had it; hence the exquisite proportion of his work, in which you cannot find the slightest shade of exaggeration; and hence, too, his clear judgments of his contemporaries. Such vision is a dangerous gift, and Tourguéneff's memory has been reproached with perfidy on account of the frankness of his criticism. In the edition of his "Letters," lately published, the story is told how Alphonse Daudet, one of his most intimate friends in Paris, discovered, after Tourguéneff's death, that the Russian writer had been in the habit of reviling his French comrades in his private correspondence. Daudet never saw any evidence of this; he heard of it from a friend who professed to have seen the damning letters, addressed to someone in Russia, with whom Tourguéneff does not appear to have had any relations whatever. The witness is dead; Daudet is dead; and there remains nothing but a tradition which inculpates Tourguéneff on the sort of testimony that might satisfy a French military court. The truth is that, while loyal to his friends, he held himself free to criticise them. His opinion of "Le Nabab" was that everything that Daudet had observed was superb, and everything he had invented was poor and thin. If such candour were general, would literary friendships stand the ordeal?

Daudet never laid any stress on his inventive power; but it is one thing to feel a weakness, and quite another for a friend to point it out. The bitterness may be all the greater when the friend happens to be the superior artist. Tourguéneff not only observed; he invented with striking power. His "Dream-Tales," for instance, rank very high in imaginative fiction. When the friend has an artistic equipment like this, and the critical faculty will not overlook imperfections, is it wonderful that he should leave behind him a suspicion that he was false to the freemasonry of art, and no better than a reviewer?

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty (from October 27, 1897, to January 19, 1898) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

CONCERNING LIPTON AND LIPTON'S.

How Mr. Lipton awoke one morning last summer to find himself famous, how he dodged the reporters for days, how eventually his left hand got to know what his right hand had done, and the donor of £25,000 to the Princess of Wales's Fund stood revealed—all these things are matters of history. Now Mr. Lipton is Sir Thomas, and if, apart from his royal



VIEW OF LIPTON'S POOPRASSIE TEA FACTORY, CEYLON.

act of Jubilee munificence, hard work, hard-headedness, and amazing success constitute a claim to the honour, the head of "Lipton's" has earned it.

Sir Thomas Lipton was born in Glasgow, and in most respects his career fits in well with the popular idea of what the career of a commercial millionaire should be. His beginnings were humble, and for his position to-day he has to thank nothing but his self-reliance and his indomitable energy. He has reached his giddy pinnacle of wealth not only with unsoiled hands—for he is a firm believer in the old-fashioned maxim that honesty is the best policy—but he has been indebted for his success to no man's encouragement or assistance. He has been his own master nearly from the beginning. The exception was when, as a boy of fifteen, he went to America, where he saved a hundred pounds out of his earnings as shop-assistant. Returning with that meagre capital to Glasgow, he set up a small shop. Lipton's had in those days a staff of one, and that one was Lipton. He slept on the premises, took down the shutters, and attended to the customers himself. Then he began to advertise, mainly by the agency of quaint posters designed by himself. So, little by little, the business grew to such proportions that to-day it opens, on the average, a new branch every week, and Sir Thomas has to keep his own permanent staff of architects at his palatial offices in the City Road.

The head of Lipton's works as hard to-day as he did in Glasgow twenty years ago. That is one reason why the discovery of his personality came to the public as something of a surprise last June. When a man is in his office twelve hours a day, he has not much time to be anywhere else. "I like," says Sir Thomas, "to advertise my business, not myself." Of late, however, he is said to have relaxed his Spartan programme to the extent of going home at nine p.m. It used to be eleven. He lives at Old Southgate, about nine miles out, and drives in and out every day, "in order to save time," he says. He is unmarried. His first, second, and third hobbies are his work, but somewhere about fourth a little weakness for horses finds a place. He is also something of a traveller, his porcine interests calling him West, and his tea businesses frequently demanding his presence in the East.

Unlike some other successful men, Sir Thomas is no believer in "luck." But he is a believer in hard work. Perhaps still more important—for many

men work hard, and yet cannot sign twenty-five-thousand-pound cheques—is his business shrewdness. As for the business itself—well, if they had not used up all the big adjectives in the language at Olympia, it might be possible to find one to characterise it. It extends over most of the continents and both the hemispheres; it ramifies these islands from John o' Groat's to Land's End; in America it has cast the mighty pork-packers of Chicago into consternation; and India's coral strand knows the name of Lipton better than it knows the name of Rudyard Kipling. Sir Thomas's managers are naturally enthusiastic about the world-wide scope of the firm's activities.

"The fact is," said one of them to a *Sketch* representative, "Sir Thomas has a perfect genius for organisation. In London alone we have more than sixty 'markets' devoted entirely to the sale of our wares; and there are some four hundred other shops of the kind in the larger towns throughout the country. We have carried the war into the enemy's camp by starting branches at St. Petersburg and other Continental towns. We have something like five thousand agents throughout the world, but that takes no account of the amount of labour employed, say, on our tea and coffee plantations in Ceylon and our curing-houses in America. In this one establishment alone we have nearly two thousand hands, and the number is constantly growing."

"What do you consider your 'leading line'?"

"Tea. In America I suppose they would call Sir Thomas the Tea King. He certainly has the biggest business of the kind in the world. We sell two hundred tons every week. There are seven hundred girls over the way constantly at work putting it into packets of different sizes."

"As you are your own middlemen, prices are lower than usual?"

"We have only three prices, and, curiously enough, we find the dearest—one-and-sevenpence a pound—sells best. Of course, we sometimes get much more expensive teas—occasionally worth as much as thirty-five guineas a pound!"

"All from Ceylon?"

"Not entirely. Of course, the bulk comes from our own plantations at Dambattenne, Laymastotte, Pooprasie, Haputale, and other parts of Ceylon; but we also buy a good deal from India and the East. Of course, no packet of tea which you can buy in one of our markets comes exclusively from any particular garden. Sir Thomas has made quite a fine art of blending, as becomes one who is 'Tea Merchant to her Majesty.' The process is rather curious. Nothing is more important in the brewing of tea than the character of the water. An excellent tea may be quite spoiled if the water used in the making is not suitable, and as, of course, the chemical constituents of the water differ in almost every town, according to the sources of supply, it would never do to send exactly the same tea to a town where the water is 'hard' and a town where the water is 'soft.' Sir Thomas's way of solving the difficulty is



VIEW OF LIPTON'S HAPUTALE TEA AND COFFEE FACTORIES, CEYLON.

this. He has, week by week, sealed bottles of water sent in to the central office by his agents throughout the country. These are carefully analysed in his laboratory, and on the result of the analysis his tea-tasters set to work to devise the blend best suited to the requirements of each particular district. So that, you will see, the packet of 'Lipton's Tea' which you will buy in Glasgow probably differs from the packet you will buy in Bristol. That is one of the curiosities of the tea trade."



COOLIES MUSTERING FOR MORNING WORK ON LIPTON'S DAMBATENNE ESTATE, CEYLON.

"You must be a good customer to the Custom-House?"

"Oh yes. We keep one of its officers busy at our bonded tea-stores from morning till night supervising our export arrangements."

"And I suppose Sir Thomas has given the nation bigger cheques than the famous £25,000 one?"

"Many a time. Towards the end of last year he paid for duty on one week's clearance of tea £50,513 11s. 5d. in one cheque, and I daresay that record will be broken before long. This was the largest cheque for duty that had ever been paid to Her Majesty's Customs in London."

"Now about the Ceylon plantations. How many are there?"

"About a dozen, including some of the largest in the island. They are all well up in the hills, for the best teas grow at an elevation of over five thousand feet."

"Does Sir Thomas ever go there himself?"

"Yes. It is his way of taking a holiday. We have, of course, big central offices at Colombo and Calcutta."

"No doubt you have all the latest improvements, if there are such things in connection with tea-growing?"

"Of course there are. At our Dambatenne estate, for instance, and

some of the others, it used to be necessary to send the tea, when gathered, down to the factories in the valleys by tortuous mountain-paths, often very dangerous. Now we obviate that, and save a lot of time, by simply transmitting the bags by wire. A powerful wire connects the tea-garden on the hills with the manufactory, thousands of feet below. The tea, when plucked, is packed into bags like post-bags, which, fastened to a ring, are sent whizzing down the wire at a tremendous speed to their destination. It is quite possible now for a person to pick tea from the plant in the morning, and to drink its infusion in the evening after a walk down the hill."

"Does the coffee sold by you also come from Ceylon?"

"Yes, most of it. Coffee-planting was once thought to be a dying industry in Ceylon, owing to the ravages of an insect, but we manage to grow coffee almost as successfully as tea."

"Sir Thomas is also among the cocoa manufacturers?"

"Yes; that is a more recent development. But if I am to tell you of his cocoas, and his sweets, and his jams, and his cheeses, and his sauces, and his sausages—"

"And his pork. I remember reading in the papers, the other day, of an order for a fabulous number of tons to be sent from Chicago for the relief of Klondyke."

"Yes. Lipton's does an immense business in cured meats. We have curing stores in London, Glasgow, and Liverpool in this country. I may say that Sir Thomas, who was born of Irish parents, is a very good customer to Ireland. No one, I suppose, buys more of the pigs so famous in the annals of the country. In America the meat trade reaches much vaster proportions; and even the Chicago millionaires are finding Sir Thomas a serious rival. In his establishment there a million pigs are killed every year, and six hundred refrigerator-trucks distribute the pork throughout the length and breadth of the States. As for jams, we make about a hundred tons a day during the season, and spend thirty thousand pounds a-year in glass jars and bottles alone."

"You seem to do everything in five figures?"

"Well, it is a large concern. We make our own boxes and do our own printing; our stationery—labels, wrappers, posters, &c.—totals up to about three tons a day. We have so many compositors that Sir Thomas might print a daily paper if he liked; and I don't know that even the *Times'* founts of type cover thirteen languages, as ours do."

"It must require extraordinary judgment to run so colossal a concern?"

"Yes, but Sir Thomas has extraordinary judgment. And not only that, but he is on the very best of terms with all of us—from the highest to the lowest. There is none of the thousands in his employ here who cannot have access to him. He is, of course, a very busy man, but not too busy to consider the welfare of his workpeople. I may say that, in the case of the factory girls, prizes are given each week to the table which has accomplished the best and the most work. The whole staff, you may be sure, rejoices in the honour that has been conferred on him. We wish there were more like him, then there would be little heard of labour disputes."

And, if there were more like him, perhaps we should not hear so much of the decadence of British trade.



LIPTON'S COLOMBO OFFICES.



LIPTON'S CALCUTTA OFFICES.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

"I say, Emmie, those fine ladies seem just as fond of blackberrying as we are."



A POLITE FICTION.

Doctor (introducing friend to interesting patient): His Majesty the Emperor of China!



CASTLES IN THE AIR.

MR. ALYN WILLIAMS, MINIATURE-PAINTER.

Mr. Alyn Williams, who is president and one of the founders of the Society of Miniature Painters, is naturally an enthusiast in all that appertains to miniature-painting. There is a sin, however, of which he is righteously intolerant—it is the slavery of the artist to photography, and against the temptation of painting on a photographic basis he wages a deadly warfare.

"All miniatures," said Mr. Williams to a representative of *The Sketch*, "should be painted from life; they should not be the result of a mechanical process. I place miniature-painting on exactly the same level as portrait-painting."

"You mean, in point of fact, that it is portrait-painting, only concentrated and condensed into a small compass?"

"Precisely. And a miniature should be so well and accurately drawn that it would stand being enlarged to life-size."

Mr. Williams then showed me some of his own strong and graceful work, including the portrait (reproduced here)



MISS FIELD-FISHER.

of Miss Margaret Field-Fisher, of the Field-Fisher Quartet, the original of which is now on view at the Exhibition of the Society of Miniature Painters, at 175, New Bond Street, W.

"And women, Mr. Williams, do you consider them capable of making their mark as miniature-painters?"

"Yes, decidedly. Their work is admirable, and they are gifted with two of the chief essentials—delicacy of touch and infinite patience."

As the artist made this statement I could not help regretting that women had not until recently studied art as a profession. If they had done so, the famous miniaturists of the past would not have been almost exclusively of the male sex."

"What is the usual price for a miniature-portrait from life?"

"From fifteen to fifty guineas."

I interviewed Mr. Williams at the Sauber School of Art, formerly Mr. Robert Sauber's own studio. Here Mr. Williams undertakes the entire tuition in miniature-painting, and Mr. Sauber is to be congratulated upon the co-operation of so able an artist.

"And your methods with your pupils, Mr. Williams?"

"I advocate a free, broad, original treatment, and good drawing from the starting-point. The aim should be to render nature as it appears to the individual, therefore students should always work from the living model."

"You would not, then, recommend your pupils to copy the style of the old master miniature-painters—Cosway, for instance?"

"No. The master portrait-painters, such as Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, and Romney, should, of course, be studied, and the pupil will be more or less influenced by their work; but originality, not imitation, is what is wanted, and this should be cultivated."

"What materials do you use?"

"Transparent water-colours, which, when worked on unbleached ivory, give such a beautiful tone to the picture. These materials produce quite the most satisfactory results."

"I hear that Mr. Vernon Stokes was a pupil of yours?"

"Yes. I taught him the technique of miniature-painting. He is now well known for his clever drawings of cats and dogs."

"Whom do you consider the best English miniature-painter?"

"Samuel Cooper," replied Mr. Williams, with evident conviction.

"And of present-day artists?"

But the wily Mr. Williams would not commit himself. Instead, he gave me a number of names of "among the best." Here they are: Miss Alice Mott, Miss Mabel Hobson (Mrs. Lee Hankey), Miss Worsfold, Miss Margaret Heath, Miss Josephine Gibson, the Misses Hall, Miss Edith Maas, Mrs. Arthur Behenna, Miss Küssner, Madame Debillmont-Chardon, and Mrs. St. Clair Scott; Messrs. Edward Taylor, H. R. Robertson, Lee Hankey, Hugh Nicholson, Charles Turrell, Cecil J. Hobson, A. D. May, C. W. Quinell, W. T. Scott-Barber.

It is interesting to recall the fact that in 1895 the Duchess of York gave Mr. Williams sittings at St. James's Palace for her own portrait, and that he afterwards painted the infant Prince Edward. The miniature of the Duchess was exhibited in the New Gallery of that year, as well as at Liverpool. Mr. Williams's work is often to be seen at the Academy and the principal London art exhibitions. He also exhibits in the provinces. He paints rapidly, although he believes in making several sketches of his model in order to select the best pose. If he is not satisfied with his work, he does not alter it as so many artists do, but just washes it right out and begins all over again. Mr. Williams has studied art at the Slade School, at Westminster, and Heatherley's, also at Julian's Academy in Paris. His first professional piece of work was illustrating a scientific work of his father's, and his first miniature was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890.

"Was your father also an artist?" I asked.

"No. His tastes were literary and scientific. He was a well-known chemist, and wrote several books on popular science."

By this time I had asked Mr. Williams so many questions that, as a mark of gratitude for all he had told me, I refrained from staying any longer.

"JOHN THE BAPTIST" ON THE STAGE.

"John the Baptist" has at last reached the stage in the shape of Hermann Sudermann's play. The management of the Royal Theatre in Berlin had accepted "Johannes," but a royal command forbade them to produce it—on account of religious scruples, it was said. In Munich and Lucerne it was also forbidden, but, after some slight alterations had been made in the manuscript, the Dresden Royal Theatre accepted it without hesitation, and one of the private theatres in Berlin, the Deutsches Theater, did likewise. The play was produced in the two cities on the same evening.

The prologue shows us John in the desert, surrounded by the people, who cry aloud to him for help against Herod, who has taken unto himself his brother Philip's wife, and is going to enter the Temple hand in hand with her on the first day of the Passover, and demand the blessing of the priests at the high altar. "That he shall never do!" cries John, and fiercely he inveighs against the crime and wickedness of the oppressors. "Yet One will come," he thunders, "who will bring ye salvation, your Messiah; he will, he *must* come!" The first act, which plays in Jerusalem, does not carry us much further, except to show us the rising discontent of the people, and their distrust of their priests. As their tyrant, Herod, passes into his palace with Herodias and Salome her daughter, their anger bursts forth in low, long murmurs. As they pass into the palace the two women notice John with interest and with curiosity: Herodias, because he is the idol of the people, and consequently her enemy, and Salome because he is a man and a picturesque one. All this time John has eagerly been awaiting news of him of Galilee, tidings of his preaching of his Gospel, and at last news comes. It is Simon of Galilee who brings it, and he tells how Jesus of Nazareth had preached the higher Gospel of Love! The word falls like a bomb into John's heart. Rigorously he had thrust all tenderness away from him. Dazed, confused by this new idea, he is called to the palace to wait Herodias's pleasure.

In the second act, Herod's Palace, we find Herod wearied of Herodias almost before she is his, and already his lustful eyes rest with pleasure on the beautiful Salome, his niece. Herodias, however, has succeeded in bribing the priests to bless them at the altar; like a Lady Macbeth she urges on Herod to wilder schemes, and he follows, half-unwillingly, where she leads. Together they leave the hall, into which John the Baptist is presently conducted. As he stands absorbed in thought, Salome, with her maidens, appears upon the balcony above his head. She throws a rose; it falls at his feet. Salome comes down to him. Wonderful, indeed, are the speeches, full of poetic, passionate fervour, with which this young Eastern tigress seeks to win herself this man on whom she has set her love, because he is so different from other men. No wile, no graceful voluptuous charm, is left untried, but all in vain. Herodias, who re-enters, also tries to win over John, in vain.

In the third act, Miriam, a Jewish maiden, one of those ordered to wait upon Salome, comes to warn John that Herod and Herodias mean to enter the temple, where the priests will be awaiting them, at the dawn, hoping thus to escape the people's vigilance. His disciples urge John to be on the steps to defy them as they enter. He agrees. Herod and Herodias advance, followed by their escort, and one of John's disciples thrusts the stone into his master's hand. "Throw!" he cries. John raises his hand with the stone, and, in a voice of thunder, cries, "In the name of him who—who bids me love you—" His voice breaks, the stone drops from his hand, and passively he lets Herod's servants seize and bind him, as the cortège sweeps on into the Temple.

The fourth act, in the prison-yard, shows Herod mockingly drawing from John the fact that it was on account of Jesus of Nazareth that he forebore to stone him. The fifth act gives us the tragedy as recorded by the Scriptures. Herodias feels that no power will be hers until John is dead, and she accordingly gives her instructions to Salome, who is to dance before Herod and the Syrian legate, his guest. Salome, wild with disappointed passion, agrees eagerly to ask for the Baptist's head. She dances. Herod promises her anything she may demand, and she asks for the Rabbi's head on a charger. John is brought in to hear his judgment. The disciples arrive with the news that Jesus is already at the gates. John is led away to execution, and Salome rushes out, and is heard exulting over the head. At this moment the loud shouts of an approaching multitude are heard, crying "Hosannah!" Herod, goblet in hand, rushes forward to shout his greeting, but the first words have hardly passed his lips when the cup drops from his hand and he covers his face with his mantle.

It is impossible to bestow sufficient praise on the elaborate scenery, mounting, and grouping. Fräulein Ulrich as Herodias, Fräulein Basté as Salome, and Herr Wiecke as John the Baptist were excellent. Sudermann's "Johannes" was dazzlingly, bewilderingly interesting, and a thorough artistic treat.

ROBERT DUDLEY.



HERR WIECKE,
WHO PLAYS JOHN THE BAPTIST.
Photo by Höffert, Dresden.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Under, to modern ideas, the unpromising title of "The Guardian's Instruction," reappears a little book of excellent entertainment. It is a reprint of a serious-purposed, seventeenth-century work, written by one Stephen Penton, and now issued by the new publisher, Mr. F. E. Robinson. Its second name, "The Gentleman's Romance," written for "the Diversion and Service of the Gentry," is more attractive, and also more suggestive of the contents. It is not merely from being more than two centuries old that comes its quaint flavour. Even in its own day it must have been eccentric and amusing beyond its intentions. Mr. Penton was aware of peculiarities in the style, and begs the English gentry, whom he specially addressed, to excuse it if it seems "cager" and "sharp," and, after declaring that he prefers anonymity for an effort so faulty, ends with this immortal salutation to readers and critics—

Farewell, and be civil.

The subject is, of course, Education, but it is no mere collection of maxims—nothing so dull as that. It is crammed with allusion, anecdote, and the vividest pictures of the home life and the University life of the times. There is the Son—an awful example of the bad schooling of the age—who, untrained to use his mind, and unwilling to sit silent in learned company, forswore it, and "fell into such an immoderate love of Sports that he was never well but when he was managing or talking of his Dogs, and in a little time became fit company for *nothing* else." There is the wife who melts her husband's stern resolve to send the dear boy to a great school by "a few Tears or a pretended Fit," and who is happy when the child is sent to a mean and near one, "seeing her Son kept sweet, neat in Cloaths, and *sheepish* (which she called good manners)."

There is a dramatic account of the anxious parent's taking his son to Oxford, and his terror when "at ten of the Clock in the Inn there was such a roaring and singing that my hair stood on end." Back he would hasten his boy out of this evil place at once; only he learnt that the noise might have been made by middle-aged country gentlemen, and not necessarily by youthful students.

There follows the advice of the model Tutor, one of whose first suggestions is that the Youth's home correspondence be very limited for the first year. Just as he is settling down, there too often comes "a tedious, ill-spell'd Letter from a dear Sister, who languishes and longs to see him as much almost as she doth for a Husband." Then the Youth bethinks himself with a shiver of the college prayers at six in the morning. "The next news of him is at home; within a day or two he is invited to a *hunting match*, and the sickly Youth, who was scarce able to rise to Prayers, can now rise at four of the Clock to a Fox-chase, then must be treated at an Ale-house with a Rump of Beef seven miles from home, hear an Uncle, Cousin, or Neighbour rant and swear; and after such a sort of *Education* for six or eight weeks, full of tears and melancholy, the sad Soul returns to *Oxford*, his Brains so *shogged*, he cannot think in a fortnight."

The Tutor is a most articulate and dramatic person, and remains the mouthpiece of his ill-used and misunderstood race to this day—while in humanitarian principles he is at least two centuries in advance of his own. But I hope others besides schoolmasters will turn the leaves of "The Guardian's Instruction," and taste the flavour of Penton's wit.

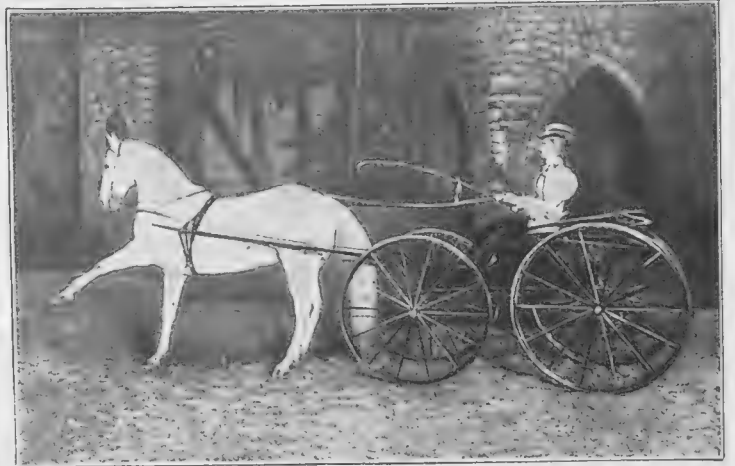
Women have not often been ambitious for success in the writing of adventure stories; but now, since these are all the vogue, some feminine literary incursions are made into the rough-and-tumble world. Miss Freshfield has written an able story of the kind, "The Wrothams of Wrotham Court" (Cassell), not one that you must read, let bed or dinner or duty suffer as they may, but readable when no obstacles intervene. There is individuality in it. She dares to let one of her heroes become a mere playwright, when he might have followed the profession of arms, and she makes the other turn Quaker, good Church and State man as he has been, and son of the Toriest of Squires. The latter hero tempts her too much for my liking into the world of Quaker persecution, away from the gallant young player and playwright, whose career might have made an admirable romance. But it would have been a harder book to write had the Grub Street and the green-rooms of seventeenth-century London been the chief scenes of action.

When is a play not a play? The old answer used to be, When it is an inactable poetical drama. But a new one is needed. "Bad Lady Betty" (Mathews) calls itself a play, and informs us it is founded on a novel, "The Luttrells of Four Oaks," by the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford. Mr. W. D. Seull has made the dramatic version. I have seen his work before in a volume of exceedingly promising and original short stories, "The Garden of the Match-Boxes." The temper of these was modern; the style was modern too—rather compressed and polished for the genius of our language, but careful, artistic, ambitious, and subtle. "Bad Lady Betty" is frank melodrama, with an effective plot of its kind, needing broad strokes, strong colours, and simply obvious treatment. And this it has received, in the dramatic version at all events, to the surprise of anyone who has read Mr. Seull's previous work. Quite right to stick to the spirit of the thing, of course, but a little subtlety might have been fittingly expended on the machinery of the play, and "Bad Lady Betty" reads like a novel with the descriptive passages transferred to the stage-directions. It is an ingenious method of shortening a too lengthy tale; but, as success has not attended Mr. Seull in his attempt at doing such a service to "The Luttrells of Four Oaks," I hope he will be driven to work more befitting his undoubted talents.

O. O.

MADAME MARANTETTE AND EVERGREEN.

Among the many excellent equestrian "turns" at Olympia, those which appeal most of all to the lovers of fine riding and driving are the splendid "leppings" of half-a-dozen hunters and the high-class manège exhibitions by four ladies in the three rings and on the hippodrome track, especially the incomparable displays in *haute école* given by Madame Marantette and Miss Nellie Reid, the latter performing with two highly trained Arabs, one being ridden while the other is driven tandem-fashion. But of Madame Marantette I must speak at greater length, because she appears to have brought the control of her steed Evergreen, driven in harness, to the sublimity well-nigh of a fine art. Evergreen is a very shapely grey gelding, standing about 15.3 and rising nine. His trainer, Madame Marantette, exhibits his paces while driving a buggy weighing about one hundred and thirty pounds, with her little Maltese terrier seated beside her. The whole "turn-out" makes a very charming picture, especially as Madame is a very handsome woman. It is



MADAME MARANTETTE AND EVERGREEN PACING.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

claimed for Evergreen that he is the champion trained and best broken of all saddle, park, and harness horses, showing while driven no less than eighteen different gaits, among which may be enumerated, besides the ordinary walk, trot, and canter, the side walk, trot, and canter, the side lope, the single foot, the amble, or, as it is called in America, "stem-wending," the fox trot, the high trot, and the Spanish trot. Now, mark that all these paces and gaits are brought out by the use of the reins and the whip alone. The horse is obedient to the slightest touch of either, so that the driver and the horse seem to have but one mind in common. It is a perfect treat to watch this exhibition in high-class training: Madame Marantette is one of the first experts both on the box and in the saddle. The name of "artist," however, is not applicable to her, as she is not an equestrian acrobat, but a sportswoman purely, and was brought up among horses from her childhood, which was spent on her father's farm in Michigan. It is only during the last year or two that she has displayed her wonderful management under Mr. Bailey. Previously to that she was wont to attend race-meetings and horse-shows in America, where she rode competing hunters and drove harness-horse entries, besides having entered herself on many occasions for driving contests against time. Madame Marantette prefers to take a completely unbroken horse in hand when training. She has been especially successful with the half-brothers of her present exhibition horse, namely with Youvonne, Woodlake, and Woodlawn, the last a beautiful chestnut. On the back of Senator, also a chestnut, she makes daily some splendid jumps over dummy stone walls at Olympia, where her perfect seat and "hands" excite the admiration of all who understand real riding.

WHY?

There's many things I wonder why,
Which no one ever seems to know;
Why stars stay always in the sky,
And never tumble down below?
Why grown-up people never see
When they are interrupting me?

Why I am not allowed to play
With Nursy's nephew William John?
And why the sun sinks down each day
Directly it has seen me gone,
And where it lays its shining head,
And if it likes to go to bed?

Why fairies never come to me
When Nursy's with me in the room?
And why the earth I shouldn't be
A princess with a horse and groom;
And why—you never seem to hear—
Why is the world so very queer?

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

A ROMANCE OF AUSTRALIA.

On Wednesday of last week the patriotic Australians in London celebrated, by a dinner at the Hotel Cecil, the founding of the city of Sydney. One way considered, this dinner was held exactly ten years too late. It was in 1788, not 1798, on Jan. 26, that Captain Arthur Phillip brought his fleet round to Port Jackson from Botany Bay, where the hopes of the expedition withered with the dead flowers they found there, and the capital of the premier colony was established. A dinner ten years ago would have been a centenary celebration; but there was no echo of Jubilee in the air then to awaken the colonists in the Mother Country to their duty. It happens, however, that this present year does complete a great colonial centenary. It is the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Australia's fortunes. Wool is Australia's great industry, and the start of that industry may be fixed at one hundred years ago exactly. In 1798 there were in Australia some two thousand sheep. Now there must be one hundred and twenty millions. The happy accident, or rather, the series of happy accidents, which brought about this enormous increase is the romance of Australian wool and the subject of this paper.

The hero of the romance is Captain John Macarthur. Three or four brothers of a family of Macarthurs fought for the Pretender at Culloden. All were killed save one, and he ultimately settled at Plymouth, where his son, the "Father" of the Australian wool industry, was born. This John entered the Army, purchased a commission in the New South Wales Company, and, with his young wife, set sail for Sydney—and fortune.

This soldier of fortune, stranded in a six-year-old colony, was the right man in the right place, although it would have taken a very far-seeing person to have guessed it. Romance is the foster-mother of colonisation. It is not by design, but by the happy accidents of circumstance; that the outposts of Empire are set; and if anyone set out to prove that Providence smiled upon England's endeavour to widen out into a Greater Britain, he should not fail for want of evidence. And so it was in this case.

Macarthur, like the other officers of the corps, was given a grant of land, and took to raising sheep. Whether or not it was the instinct of the Scottish Highlander in him, he saw that by careful breeding he could grow fine wool. Careful breeding was not an easy thing in New South Wales a hundred years ago. The original settlement had possessed forty-four sheep, and most of them had died. In 1794 Macarthur got sixty Bengal ewes and lambs from Calcutta, and soon afterwards the captain of a transport from home brought him two Irish ewes and a young ram. By 1795 he had got together a flock of one thousand sheep; and it is evident that he was impressed with the possibilities of the country for growing wool, and that there was in his mind a vision of the great industry of to-day. And see, now, the happy chance whereby this vision was realised.

In 1797 two sloops-of-war arrived from Botany Bay at the Cape of Good Hope. The captains were friends of Macarthur, who, before they sailed, had instructed them to bring back for him, should they find any, some wool-bearing sheep. Now, Cape sheep were, as they are, of the fat-tailed, non-wool-bearing kind. It happened, however, that some years previously the King of Spain had been making presents all round of some of his fine merinos. He had sent a few to adorn the flock of the King of England at Windsor, and among other recipients of these favours were the Dutch Government. The Dutch Government sent a portion of this present to their colony at the Cape, at the head of which, managing its affairs, was a countryman of our own—Colonel Gordon, a Scot. But the Boers then, like the Boers to-day, preferred the bad ways, if they were the old ways, to the better if they were new; and they would have none of the merinos. Leave us alone with our native fat-tails, they said, when Colonel Gordon advocated the breeding with the merinos. The most the Scottish Governor could do was to raise a goodly little flock for himself. When he died, his widow gave instructions to put up the merinos to auction; and the auction actually was going forward when the captains of the English sloops-of-war arrived at the Cape. They bought in all twenty-nine, and took them back to Port Jackson.

Macarthur's share was five ewes and three rams. The colonists who became possessed of the other twenty-one were penny-wise-and-pound-foolish people, who were content to raise sheep for the meat-market. Macarthur alone saw the value of his new acquisition, and by careful selection and scientific breeding he produced the first crops of what is now the greatest wool growth in the world. One is not surprised to learn that he was a high-handed man. In 1801 he got into trouble over a duel with a brother officer, and was ordered home. Whatever was the nature of the music he had to face, nothing but his great scheme filled his mind. He took the opportunity of buying more merinos—ten rams and ewes—from the King's flocks. Better still, he managed to interest the home Government in his wool experiments, and returned to Australia in triumph, with an order for a grant of 5000 acres, and was established in the famous Camden estate. His first shipment of wool from New South Wales was in 1807. It amounted to 245 lb. Twenty years later it was 411,600 lb.; two years after that 1,005,333 lb.; in 1835 nearly 4,000,000 lb., and in 1840 over 6,000,000 lb. In time Macarthur's flock was dispersed over the other colonies. The latest returns show that the wool-clip is about 750,000,000 lb., worth close upon £20,000,000—all from five ewes and three rams bought a hundred years ago by a man possessed of big colonising ideas, and the courage to carry them out at any cost.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is curious to read of the Russian and British fleets "shadowing" each other, as in the days when Mr. Gladstone got ready to fight—and didn't. Fortunately, there is not much chance of any guns going off of themselves. Russian and English sailors are alike accustomed to obey orders and keep quiet; and there does not seem to be any especial reason for a conflict arising. Russia cannot be anxious for a fight before her railway is ready; we cannot well go to war unless Russia not only opposes our plans but makes some palpable aggression of her own. Then, again, Japan would be safe to be partner against Russia, and Japan is on the spot; while, if the war lasted long, France might very probably take a hand on the side of Russia, while Germany looked on and picked up the pieces. Now, in the Far East, Japan and England could probably wipe the ocean floor with the rest; but in that slightly nearer East, which people in India call the North-West, we should have to keep up our own end, and in Europe Russia's ally might cut in at any moment. The situation is too full of awkward possibilities.

There should not be any quarrel, because the struggle can be all carried on through a third party, or rather, through third parties. If the King—or, I believe, he calls himself Emperor now—of Corea chooses to dismiss Mr. McLeavy Brown in favour of Mr. Alexeieff, we have nothing to say to Russia. We simply move a fleet casually to Chemulpo and suggest that Mr. Brown stays; and Russia may feel that the Sovereign of Corea is making a mistake in yielding, but this is, theoretically, none of Russia's business. So with the Chinese loan. If China won't borrow money from us and give security, we cannot well go to war with China to make her take the cash; still less can we assail Russia for opposing the loan. Similarly, if China, in return for a loan, opens two new Treaty Ports, which happen, by a singular chance, to be in districts that the Russians and French respectively wish to monopolise, those Powers have nothing to say ostensibly to China, or to ourselves.

The great point is that Russia and her jackal cannot well oppose the loan plan without practically avowing their own desigus of selfish aggrandisement. We don't want any territory, because we have the bulk of the China trade already. A British port is a free port, and a free port is mostly a British port. But a Russian or French port is a Russian or French monopoly, and it is no good to its owners if it is *not* a monopoly. The Russians want the north and the French the south of the Chinese coast, that they may monopolise the trade and exclude us and others. Wherefore, all the trading nations are bound to be on our side—Japan hotly, the United States cordially, even Germany reluctantly.

The opening of the port seized by the Germans is a curious testimony to the soundness of British policy. German newspapers, with a singular lack of humour, had been explaining that trade in the "mailed fist" territory could be regulated just as the Kaiser chose, because foreign nations could not plead treaties with either Germany or China in territory nominally subject to China and leased to Germany. One would think that, as the territory in question must belong to either Germany or China, *somebody's* treaties must apply to it; but, so long as the practical result is freedom of trade, the newspapers can prove what they like.

Will the struggle for the East come soon, and would it be best for us not to avoid it? The question is a thorny one. In a few years Russia's Siberian railway will be ready; but it will have to be relaid almost at once, for the construction is too light for the traffic that will have to be carried. And railway or no railway, a superior fleet carrying a couple of army corps—British and Japanese—could, if well led, clean out the Siberian coast in detail. And in a few years the Franco-Russian Alliance may have gone the way of all secret pacts.

But the greatest influence making for peace is the general dread of war. This is not so much cowardice, or philanthropy, or sentimentality, as the repugnance business-men feel for an absolutely uncertain speculation. Our fleets have all been built since there was any real naval fighting. The battle at the Yalu was no test of modern methods. Nobody can be sure—no naval State especially—that a real naval war between fairly matched combatants would not entirely upset all calculations. Even the one-sided fight just mentioned called attention to two very important points that had been overlooked: the danger of ships catching fire in a modern action, and the great power of armour of quite moderate thickness in keeping out shells that ought, theoretically, to go right through it. What security have we that we have not all been overlooking more important matters? A modern warship is a compromise; it must have speed, offensive and defensive armament, sea-going powers and coaling capacity. Greater speed means bigger engines and boilers; heavier armament, more and bigger guns, or more and thicker armour; seaworthiness and coal-storage, after a certain point, can only be increased by impairing some other of the necessary characteristics. Which particular compromise is *really* the best?

We don't know; we can only guess. And this is why European and Asiatic affairs remain in their present unstable equilibrium.

Oh, this is the Balance of Power,
Humanity's climax and flower;
If we were not afraid
Of the guns we have made,
We should all be at war in an hour! MARMITON.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 2, 5.49; Thursday, 5.51; Friday, 5.53; Saturday, 5.54; Sunday, 5.56; Monday, 5.58; Tuesday, 6.

A courteous correspondent sends me the following anonymous post-card from Liverpool:—

You must be cracked yourself to say tyres crack and perish. They don't. I know what I am writing about, because I am in the tyre trade (*sic*), and I have made more tyres myself than you have ever seen even, let alone ridden. You don't know what you are writing about, and you are a fool. I take what you say as an insult to my calling and myself, and you are quite imbecile.

Poor, injured lamb!

Several firms are now sending out cycles with painted or enamelled spokes. This is a move in the right direction. Months ago I advocated the production of a cheap, trustworthy mount, painted black *all over*, and suitable to the requirements of the masses, if I may so style them without ruffling the feathers of their self-respect. A painted machine is infinitely easier to clean than one which has plated cranks, hubs, and handle-bar, and, of course, the former never needs polishing. Comparatively few busy men have time to clean their bicycles properly, and no hireling, I believe, has yet been found who can be depended upon to do the work thoroughly.

Electric lamps may now be seen more often than formerly in the streets of London, but I confess that I cannot quite discover wherein lie the advantages of the electric lamp. Does it supply a "long-felt want"? No. Does it make riding by night easier? No. Is it lighter, or less expensive, or simpler to manipulate? No. Its redeeming

overhauling it, or even of examining it carefully in order to see whether all the nuts and screws were tightly drawn up, the handle-bar firmly fixed in its socket, and the saddle securely clamped to the saddle-pillar. It is hardly fair to the makers to test new machines not properly screwed together. "But why are new machines not properly screwed together?" I hear the unthinking reader inquire in a tone of indignation. I leave it to the thinking reader to enlighten him.

It is very annoying, when cycling far away in the country, to become suddenly aware that your wheel has punctured. I am not a mechanical genius, and I dread having to execute repairs on my own account, and to locate a puncture appears about as easy as to calculate the return of a comet. Consequently I was overjoyed to read, the other day, that someone had discovered a simple method of finding where a tyre is punctured. Nothing can be easier. You have only to pump in smoke, and where the puncture is there issues a tiny stream of smoke. But, on consideration, I wondered how I was to pump in the smoke. When my drains get out of order, the first intimation is usually an outbreak of typhoid fever; then comes the sanitary officer and applies the "smoke test," and discovers where the drain is punctured. But when I am cycling, I can't carry about a clumsy apparatus for applying the smoke test, and I have yet to learn how else I am to pump smoke into my tyre. So, after all, perhaps this is not the easiest method in the world of locating a puncture.

The priests of the Holy Roman Church, especially those whose lines have fallen in the pleasant places of Northern Italy, are compelled to look upon the pleasures of cycling as forbidden fruit. Long ago the Archbishop of Paris forbade his priests to cycle, on the ground that a cassock-clad rider looked ridiculous. Now the Cardinal Archbishops of



THE EXHIBITORS AT THE DUBLIN CYCLE SHOW.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

feature seems to be that, "when your policeman's back is turned, the light may be switched off." This, at least, was the point which the salesman tried again and again to impress upon me. But the chances are that, if "your policeman's" back is not turned, "your cyclist" himself will be switched off. Moreover, a fall with a bicycle fitted with an electric lamp might lead to very disastrous results, owing to the acids being spilt over the rider.

Apropos of the twenty-six-inch Cuban girl who rides a bicycle with seven-inch wheels, several inquiries have been sent to me concerning "the biggest bicyclist in Britain." In answer to that cascade of alliteration, I would state, after the manner of the Irishman, that the heaviest cyclist in the world is Joseph H. Grimes, better known as "Baby Bliss." He is 6 ft. 4 in. in height, and weighs 34 st. 9 lb.; but, then, he lives in Canada. The biggest bicyclist in Britain is, I believe, Mr. James Parfitt, said to be also the biggest barrister in Britain—more "b's"—with the exception of Mr. "Tom" Bullen. Certainly Mr. Parfitt's machine is an enormous one. The top frame tube is higher than my chin—and I am no freak, I can assure you.

Talking of freaks, the latest freak in the shape of a bicycle that has been sent to me for trial is a machine covered with a coat of luminous paint. I mean to give it a thorough trial, and my readers the result of the trial. The makers declare that the luminous paint will hold good for a year, provided the machine be exposed to the light of day for thirty-six hours a week. Certainly this bicycle has a ghost-like appearance enough as it comes sailing out of the gloom in the dead of night, especially as the rider is practically invisible. But, after all, *à quoi bon* a luminous machine when, as likely as not, some provincial magistrate will summons and fine the rider of the luminous bicycle if the rider has not a lighted lamp after dark—precisely as though his machine were invisible?

I feel convinced that many of the bicycle accidents which we read and hear about, and which, as a rule, are attributed directly or indirectly to some hidden flaw in the machine, in reality arise from some patent flaw in the rider's common sense, or else in his power of reasoning. Again and again have I seen novices gaily spring on to a new machine just received from the makers, without their thinking for a moment of

Milan and Venice will not permit the priests in their dioceses to cycle under any pretext whatever, while the Bishop of Pavia goes still further, and fines any ecclesiastic who infringes this rule ten francs for every time he rides. The French prelates appear, however, to take a broader view, for the Archbishop of Autun has announced that he will grant a permit to any of his clergy who apply to him in writing, if he considers that the bicycle will be an aid to pastoral work. The world moves on apace, and who knows but that before the century closes Leo XIII. may be seen cycling in the Vatican gardens?

The Americans have not been long in beating their own record. It is but a few weeks ago that they trotted out Mrs. Deborah Doty as being an enthusiastic cyclist at the ripe age of a hundred and one. But she is a mere child compared with the veteran Indian chief Wastakie, who hails from Fremont County, Wyoming, and disports himself on the wheel at the highly respectable age of a hundred and ten. Next, please.

I hear that short accordion-pleated skirts are coming in for cycling in Paris. These appear to be lined with coloured silks, and, no doubt, are very pretty when worn with a little velvet zouave, or jaquette-b blouse, with a bright silk front matching the lining of the skirt, not forgetting the high fancy boots laced up with the same bright colour. This does not, however, sound workmanlike for country riding, though it may be suitable for a promenade in the parks of the gay French capital, and I think my fair readers will never desert those pretty Scotch tweeds and serges so useful for such occasions.

I understand that it is scarcely considered the correct thing for ladies to ride along the public roads and thoroughfares of Nürnberg on their cycles. Mr. Ernst Nister, the well-known publisher of that ancient and picturesque city, at any rate does not like his wife to ride elsewhere than in the riding-schools, so that, I understand, the lady finds cycling a little dull, as the variety of scenery is limited. Speaking of Germany, I am told that English-made bicycles are more popular there—at least, with the ladies—than those manufactured in their own country; the reason being that the former are more gracefully built. The German makers appear to regard only strength, and do not care to combine with it elegance, which is perhaps a characteristic of the prosaic Teuton.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

These snapshots of the first test-match in Australia will interest everybody who has followed the campaign. Despite many drawbacks, the game opened fairly favourably. Ranjitsinhji pluckily donned his flannels, albeit he wheezed heavily with asthma after every run of his 175. His innings was at times free almost to the point of recklessness. In



RANJITSINHJI CHANGES HIS BAT IN THE FIRST TEST MATCH.

style, Maclaren's 109 was almost faultless. The attendance was good throughout the first four days (there were nineteen thousand present on the Monday), but few journeyed to see the finish. It was too much of a foregone conclusion, and the Australian, who takes his sport much more seriously than he takes his politics, cannot take a beating without showing that he feels it. So,

one or two incidents, such as when Richardson hit Lyons in the ribs with a full-pitch, and when Storer pulled up McLeod's stump because he had left his crease, thinking he was bowled by a no-ball which he had not heard called, but which took his bails off—incidents such as these gave rise to some unhappy demonstrations. For the rest, the ladies' pavilion bloomed with the smartest of costumes, and much damage was done to the daintiest of kid gloves by the enthusiasm evoked for Ranjitsinhji every time he moved a finger or followed a ball with his eye. The ground is a capital one, but the asphalted cycle-track which skirts it is highly dangerous for the long-field in pursuit of a catch. But, despite the asphalt—here ended another record.

RACING NOTES.

Hawfinch is being backed for the Derby as if somebody knew something; but I fancy those who wait until the day of the race will get a better price against the Kingsclere cast-off than is obtainable just now. John Watts is of the opinion that Dieudonne is bound to beat Hawfinch at level weights, and he thinks the public are little aware of the difference ten pounds makes between two horses of the one age. He argues that it is necessary to be on the back of a horse to find out properly what a ten-pound penalty means. I certainly should take the Duke of Devonshire's colt to beat Mr. Bottomley's recent purchase.

I hope the majority of the owners having horses engaged in the Ascot Gold Cup will start them on the off-chance, as, if my information is correct, the race is not going to turn out a one-horse affair, and it may be that Galtee More is not a stayer, after all. I am told that Wood was much relieved when the race for the St. Leger was over, and I believe the well-known jockey holds to the opinion that the race might have gone against him in another twenty strides. Of course, Galtee More might develop staying powers with increasing age. All the same, I predict an exciting contest for the Ascot Gold Cup of 1898.

A request from the representative of a big Paris sporting paper to put him in the way of getting press passes for English racecourses reminds me that our racing officials are apt to treat foreign newspapermen with scant courtesy, which is a big mistake. It is a fact that at nearly all the big meetings held in England the club enclosures and rings are studded with foreigners, and more would follow if the French and German papers gave greater publicity to the Sport of Kings as it takes place in England. Clerks of Courses, if they studied their own interest, should welcome the presence of the representatives of foreign papers at their meetings.

Objections are still rife under National Hunt Rules, and the sporting papers have at last woke up to the fact that the majority of the stewards fail in their duties entirely. I suggested in this column some years back that practical racing-men should be chosen as stewards of meetings, and also as members of the Jockey Club and National Hunt Committee. It used to be a trite saying, "All men are equal on the Turf and beneath it," but the birth bar is utilised to the confusion of the sport in the matter of the selection of stewards. It ought to be allowable for a Clerk of the Course to ask any two practical men present to act as stewards at any time.

We shall now have long strings of quotations on the Lincolnshire Handicap and Grand National, but the wise speculator will not attempt to forestall the acceptances. It is the general opinion that the several

handicappers have done their work well, and we may look for big fields at the opening of the flat campaign. I am still of the opinion that Robinson's best will be there or thereabouts for the Lincoln Handicap, and Gulistan may go close. I think Manifesto will get over the Grand National course safely if started, and he may win.

The days of the plunger have departed, although I hear of one gentleman who lost fifty thousand pounds over his Turf transactions in 1897. Mr. Benzon, I am told, has settled down in Jersey, where he lives a quiet life with his dogs and his books. The "Jubilee Plunger," however, follows English racing, and he is still fond of having his sovereign on when he fancies a horse. I think Mr. Benzon's fortune would have lasted until now if he had dabbled in horse-racing only, and remained away from the card-table, and I believe that a lot more money is lost at cards than there is on the course.

The fact of the Jockey Club Stewards appointing a Deputy Starter means, I suppose, that Mr. Arthur Coventry will take a holiday occasionally. That gentleman works very hard, and I am sure he must at times badly feel the need for a rest. When it is remembered that the Official Starter traverses the distance of each race every day, and often, in addition, does two long railway journeys, it will be seen that the post is no sinecure. Mr. Coventry does his work admirably. He is good-tempered but firm, and he possesses the patience of Job.

Two handicappers made a difference of thirty pounds in the handicapping of the same two horses a few days back, and it is certain that somebody blundered. There ought to be some sort of rule laid down for the guidance of our weight-adjusters to prevent such handicapping as that referred to. I always think, when a horse of fairly good book-form is "chucked in" by a handicapper, that the official knows something; but I am often undeceived, and so are the poor backers.

CAPTAIN COE.

COURSING.

A correspondent points out that the statement made in these columns two weeks ago that the greyhound, Maney Starlight, had never appeared on the show-bench, as he is a coursing dog, is incorrect. "Bulford," writing to *Sporting Sketches* (Dec. 15, 1897), refers to "the dual success of Mr. H. C. While, of Sutton Coldfield, in the National Dog Show week."

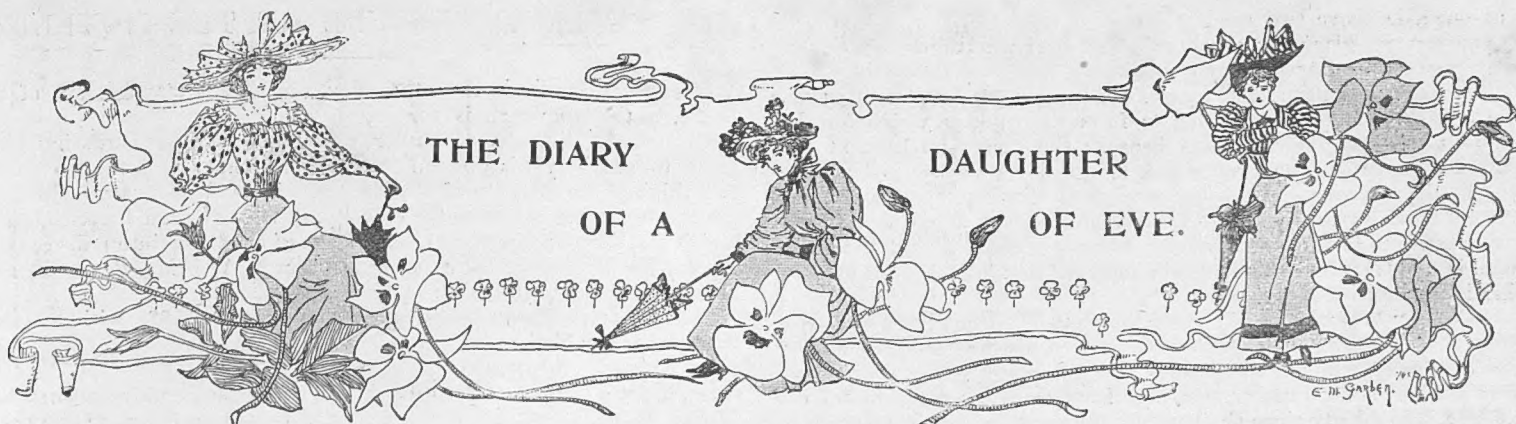
He has not a very big kennel, but few owners can win a championship at such a show as the National with one representative, and a stake at a well-supported coursing meeting with another. This is, however, what Mr. While did a fortnight ago. Maney Starlight, who last season divided the Aqualate Stakes at Newport (Salop) with Ich Dien, beating such sterling performers as Meaning Me, Beethoven, and Royal Hermit, won his championship at the National Show. I happened to be there, and, before the classes were judged, had a walk round. Naturally, I went to the greyhounds first, and soon spotted this good-looking son of Royal Scot—Bessie Dent. I did not see him run at Newport, but I remembered him as a previous winner at Birmingham. . . . Of a good size, with no suspicion of coarseness, he is every inch a greyhound. Possessed of the best of legs and feet, as straight as a gunbarrel in front, and with plenty of heart-room, he well deserved the honour conferred on him.



ENGLAND'S RETURN FROM THE FIELD IN THE FIRST TEST MATCH: MACLAREN AND DRUCE LEAD.

Competition was not very keen, and I should dearly like to see more field performers given a chance on the bench. In the same week, Maney Surprise, another of Mr. While's dogs, won a stake at the inaugural meeting of the Leicester and Midland Counties Club.

Maney Starlight has won several first prizes, and this last year at Birmingham won two firsts and champion prize for the best greyhound dog. During his coursing career he has won and divided several stakes.



Monday.—There was no help for it; Florrie declared the sacrifice was the only thing that would complete her convalescence. As an invalid she is rather a fraud. She had very little the matter with her, and persisted in having that little long. So, in a weak moment, when I had been explaining my sympathy with her woebegone looks, I promised to

accompany her to the Shaftesbury Theatre to see "Sporting Life." I am not exactly greedy for melodrama, and this, I had heard, was the very most melodramatic of its kind—hot and strong, and flavoured to the taste of the public by much comic comedy, live horses, and a fight with the gloves on. Certainly the public enjoyed the fare. How they shouted and yelled and roared to-night, while I sat in calm contemplation and admiration of Mrs. Raleigh! She plays the villainess of the play with a true appreciation, as if she really liked it, and as if she were an adventuress to her finger-tips—and in clothes most worthy! Her tea-gown makes distinctly for the alluring, soft folds of white Liberty satin clinging round her figure, with a raised decoration of lace flowers, and a most becoming collar of pink gathered chiffon, bordered with lace, and a jewelled fringed belt just covering the folds of the satin below the waist. I believe she copied her jet dress from mine, or, at least, went to the same immortal Jay to contrive it. They bear close kinship to each other; hers, though, has satin ribbon and velvet ribbon bows traced round with sequins. I desired energetically her gown of mauve crêpe de Chine, with its écaré net yoke and sleeves trimmed with bunches of violets set in green chiffon leaves, but the hang of her red skirt first opened my eyes to the fact that these frocks must have been made by Jay; few people cut a skirt so that its every fold is the right one. Having duly witnessed the reward of all virtuous heroes and heroines, and left Mr. Leonard Boyne—what a good actor he is!—in the arms of Sybil Carlisle, who looks perfectly charming in white muslin, Florrie rewarded my forbearance by taking me to supper at Prince's, where several gentlemen from South

Africa were obviously explaining their successes to each other, in the company of two little women, who had not omitted a single detail of the latest fashion in their frocks or on their heads, and who were looking most desperately bored. The men, however, chattered on, quite regardless of their fair charges' need of amusement, and when we left they were gesticulating wildly in the hall, and evidently telling each other what fine fellows they were.

Tuesday.—Banishment is my immediate lot—no longer shall I tarry in London, so have spoken the authorities, who are at the moment Julia. I allude to her in the plural, for she is nothing if she is not royal in her decrees. I always expect her to speak of herself as "we." The reason that I am to be banished is that Julia is ordered to go away to recover

her wonted health and strength. Arthur is to accompany her, and I am to appear in the rôle of pleasing companion to both. For many years I have been able to endure Julia's society in London; but out of town she becomes quite impossible, having no other outlet for her energies save the reiterated expression of her opinions on every subject under heaven. She finds sermons in stones and bad in everything, and becomes the most depressing person in the world. Shall I promise to meet her at the station—nothing else, I fear, will satisfy her—miss the train and let her go to Brighton by herself, to receive my telegram of regret? She can devote herself to the improvement of Arthur's manners and habits, and, if such devotion does not immediately fire him with a determination to return to his ordinary City life, then I know nothing of men and women. I do not think I do know much, perhaps; but I think I know something about their clothes. I have seen some lately for evening wear which struck me as pre-eminently satisfying. The rule of fashion is at the moment intrusive. You take one material and you apply another to it. If chiffon, you decorate it with patterns of lace; if velvet, you decorate it with patterns of silk; if cloth, you decorate it with patterns of cloth or velvet, whichever best please you. Such alliances are the idol of La Mode, not reached save by very clever and careful workmanship, or, I suppose I ought to say, workwomanship. The patterns are traced in divers fashions with chenille or sequins or jewels. Some of them are flat and others are padded; but no self-respecting fabric appears at the moment guileless of such support. And it would seem that we are still to recognise the charm of velvet ribbons in combination with cloth strappings.



MRS. RALEIGH'S JET DRESS.

A dress which had come straight from a leading Parisian authority gave a convincing testimony to this in its trimmings of a key pattern in velvet ribbon on either side of narrow strappings of cloth in the same colour as the dress itself—a cedar-brown.

All the prettiest hats in town are made of flowers. The most successful of the kind I have seen had a crown of scarlet geraniums and a brim formed of the green geranium-leaves, a cluster of these being set

up at one side above two small rosettes of scarlet velvet. Other new hats are made of glacé silk much gathered over wires, and bunches of green leaves, of white stock and white lilac, look well decorating such hats, especially when the glacé happens to be of a light shade of green, while a darker velvet is permitted to form the rosettes, which for the most part take up their position beneath the turned-up brim at the back. The hat with the brim which slopes down on the forehead is trying hard for favour; but it has one great disadvantage, its flatness bearing a tendency to shorten its wearer, and there is a universal desire among women to look tall—they seem to have forgotten that the little woman is the dangerous thing, and to imagine that in the multitude of inches is the multitude of charms.

Friday.—"Will nobody rid me of this Julia?" I shall cry with the famous king of exemplary ingratitude. She is always standing on her doctor's order of going to the seaside, and yet never going. Brighton yearns for her, I am quite certain, and I am equally certain that I do not. She is so fidgety since she has had influenza, there is no restfulness about her. And she is always dilating at great length upon her various symptoms. She forgot one or two of these this morning, though, in her interest over the sale of house-linen at Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street. I do not believe she had a pain or ache while she was interviewing here some hand-embroidered afternoon tea-cloths of very fine Irish linen at a price of twelve shillings each. Walpole's have a large selection of these, and some of them are as cheap as three-and-six each, but the best are the most beautiful, and the best are but fifteen shillings. Julia bought two of these, just to do honour to her new Dresden china tea-set. The more utilitarian fine damask table-cloths also attracted her under their reduced circumstances; some, two and a-half yards by four yards, of a really good quality, she bought for thirteen-and-six. The patterns here are so good, ranging over a conventional as well as over a floral ground. As a little present for the only Arthur, who is devoted to his bath-room, Julia purchased some Turkish bath-towels of huge dimensions at six-and-six each—they really are a joy. And then, in anticipation of a relapse of her influenza, she secured some hand-embroidered linen sheets with hem-stitchings, and some pillow-cases to match, beautiful bed-linen being one of her many extravagances. At Walpole's sale the prices were so low that she persuaded herself she was quite economical in purchasing with prodigality. She was very tired after her exertions, and staggered into that *coupé* which continues to be the delight of our lives, and which we have made up our minds never to relinquish; even though we only adopted it under such pretexts as wet, cold weather and our delicate constitutions. One day I shall write an ode of appreciation to the gentleman who invented *coupés*, though, when I see their blue bodies and yellow wheels bowling down Regent Street by the half-dozen, I am sometimes tempted to suspect that I am not alone in discovering their advantages, and that there may be among their patrons poets more worthy than I to immortalise his virtues.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

A. I. E.—The price is too low for good work. Pay four and a-half guineas and then go to John Simmons, 35, Haymarket, where you will be quite satisfied, I promise you. A dark shade of heliotrope I like very much, and you could wear with that hats and vests of almost every colour.

NICOLINA.—I should say, without the least hesitation, go to Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Vere Street; they give credit to reliable people—all good firms do. The latest material for flannel petticoats is Zenana—we do not use flannel at all. This novelty, which, by the way, is not new (like most novelties), is of ribbed silk stuff interwoven with wool. I know you can get it at Marshall's—I saw some there the other day; you can also get ready-made petticoats of it. For all your purchases of materials and silks and laces and ribbons, you cannot do better than this firm, where you always get the best quality and the latest designs. I am nothing if I am not prejudiced; and one of my prejudices is in favour of Marshall and Snelgrove's; I like the habits and manners of the assistants, and the punctuality with which they always keep their promises to send you anything.

MARGOLD.—The net of the best jet dresses is thick and soft, and they are embroidered by hand. I possess the best I have ever seen, and this came from Jay's, in Regent Circus. It is lined first with black chiffon, and then with Liberty satin, the chiffon softening the effect of the net in the most valuable way. In outline it is plain, but the new skirt at Jay's crosses on the left hip and has a deep flounce at the back. This, I find, makes people look taller. White tulle in the décolletage or white roses, or white tulle and Neapolitan violets, would look equally well.

TWO HUNDRED.—There should be no difficulty about the dress for the wedding. Light grey cloth and a hat of light grey, a vest of the very best quality of lace over lisse, and a bouquet of violets; but this last is to me always somewhat of an embarrassment. As for the material, face cloth or *crêpe de Chine* without a doubt. If you have any dislike for conventional grey, have lavender. Fur does not seem to me necessary at all, unless you have a sable cape just to wear in the carriage. The cloth should be trimmed with pipings or bands or padded patterns of itself.

LOUIS.—That gauze bow, of which I have spoken several times, for the hair is to be found at Dubosch and Gillingham's, 285, Regent Street, where it is supplied with a white osprey. You must put it either in the front or at the side, in whichever position you find it most becoming to you. The best of those plain felt hats are to be met at Hyam's, 138, Oxford Street, where they range in price from 6s. 6d. You can get a *noiré* or satin skirt ready-made, and well made too, at Peter Robinson's in Oxford Street, for 39s. 11d. These are wonderfully cheap.

RITA.—The shield you are asking for is the "Oktis," a little contrivance made of four bones, which can be sewn inside any corset. All drapers keep them, and they cost 1s. 0½d. the pair. Samuel Winter, of Sussex Place, South Kensington, makes a speciality of skating-boots. You can also get from him the Mount Charles skates, but, personally, I prefer the French skates. I am sure you will find these boots exactly what you want. Winter's work is very good.

VIRGINIA.

MR. PENLEY'S VENTURE AT THE NOVELTY.

When Mr. John Hare, the other day, started his management of the Globe, a theatre which is considered "unfortunate," in spite of the many notable triumphs of former years, there were not wanting play-goers to prophesy his discomfiture. What, then, will these cautious folk think of the temerity of Mr. Penley, who is about to try and entice the theatre-loving public to the Novelty, in Great Queen Street, a house which can boast an almost unbroken succession of absolute failures from the day its doors were first opened until now? Will Mr. Penley be able to break this run of ill-luck?

The Novelty Theatre was opened on Dec. 9, 1882, with a comic opera called "Melita; or, The Parsee's Daughter," the libretto by Juba Kennedy, the music by Henry Pontet. "Melita's" life was a short, if not a merry one, for early in January came a play called "The Wilful Ward," and, after an interval, the almost sole success of the Novelty's history saw the light. This was T. G. Warren's farcical comedy, "Nita's First," which was produced in March. But though "Nita's First" had a measure of success, and has since been heard of, its run was not a long one, for it is recorded that Horace Lennard's "Reaping the Whirlwind" was put on on April 26, and the same author's burlesque, "Lallah Rookh," on May 1.

The success of poor Hugh Conway's "Called Back" was responsible for the production of Mr. W. Yardley's burlesque, "The Scalded Back, or Comin' Scars," on July 12 in the same year, and in that month the little house saw A. C. Calmoun's really charming play, "Cupid's Messenger." The next venture was in October 1883, with "Teddy" Solomon's comic opera, "Polly," and Mr. Calmoun followed in November with a domestic comedy, "Home-Spun." History preserves silence with regard to the unfortunate house for many months, and then, in September 1884 we find comic opera again, "The Japs," by Harry Paulton and "Mostyn Tedde," and in November a farcical comedy, "Money-Bags," made in Germany, and adapted for the English market, I believe, by Mr. Edgar Pemberton.

In the following year, 1885, I can recall only one production—a comic opera with a curiously clumsy title, "Vanderdecken; or, The Flying Anglo-Dutchman's Phantom Penny Steamer." The music was by Meyer Lutz. This was in the last month of the year.

To give a complete list of Novelty failures would be a too unthankful task, but I remember in 1886 a demi-success, the "Oliver Grumble" of George Dance, in which, I believe, Willie Edouin played the Protector. Then in the same year there was a work (for copyright purposes only, I fancy) by that well-known adapter, Mr. Edward Rose; it rejoiced in the title "Odd, to Say the Least of It." The Novelty has seen such various ventures as the drama of "Paul and Virginia"; a poetical play, "Dux Redux"; an adaptation of Ouida, "Princess Carlo's Plot," from that lady's "Afternoon"; a comic opera with music by Dr. Storer, "The Punch Bowl; or, The Royal Brew"—all failures. In the autumn of 1887 Mr. Robert Buchanan rushed in where others had begun to fear to tread, and I well remember "The Blue Bells of Scotland," with Henry Neville, Arthur Elwood, Miss Harriett Jay, and Miss Fortescue—a "comedy drama" that should have had the stage of Drury Lane for its production. This was quickly followed by "Fascination," by the same author collaborating with Miss Jay, a comedy afterwards seen to more advantage at the Vaudeville.

Another one-act play of some merit which I can recall at this house was the "Fennel" of Jerome K. Jerome; this was in 1888. In the same year T. G. Warren's "Bonny Boy" was produced, and, for copy-right purposes, the well-remembered "She," by W. Sidney and Clo' Graves. It was in the October of 1888 that with a terrific splash the Novelty became the Jodrell; but, alas! Mrs. Churchill Jodrell, lessee and godmother, was, perhaps, even more unfortunate than her numerous predecessors. The Jodrell once again became the Novelty, and two adaptations from the French by Mr. J. Mortimer were produced, "The Alderman" and "A White Lie." In more immediate times we have seen a series of strange melodramas on the Novelty boards, and in one of these, in 1896, the unfortunate young actor Crozier was accidentally stabbed to death. I must not forget to say that even pantomime has had its chance at this unlucky house—"Red Riding Hood," by Victor Stevens, at Christmas 1896. Many managers, authors, and actors have, doubtless, considered the possibilities of the Novelty. To parody Macaulay—

There lacked not pens of prowess,
Actors well up in the race,
For all Bohemia's famous ones
Had viewed the fatal place.
But all Bohemia's famous ones
Felt their hearts sink to see
Such a list of ghastly failures,
Such a waste of £ s. d.;

To revert to the same stirring author—

But, hark! the cry is "Penley!"
And, lo! the ranks divide,
And Charlie's funny little Aunt
Comes with that curious stride;
Upon her narrow shoulders
Are folded shawl and gown,
And on her lips that lovely smile
That oft brought houses down.

I am sure all theatre-goers will wish the clever little comedian a happier fate than his prototype, the Lord of Luna, in the ballad I have referred to.

W. C. F.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Feb. 9.

MONEY.

The Money Market keeps fairly firm. At the end of the week, call and short fixtures were, as a rule, arranged at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while fair amounts were being borrowed from the central institution at 3 per cent.



MR. G. J. ARMYTAGE.

CHAIRMAN OF THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

Photo by Dixon and Son, Albany Street, N.W.

A slight hardening in discount rates was also noticeable, the quotation for three-month fine paper being $2\frac{3}{4}$ to $2\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. There was nothing very striking in the last Bank Return, the chief movements being caused by the tax payments incidental to this time of the year. The Reserve again showed a further accession to its strength, the increase amounting to £862,000, raising its ratio to liabilities from $43\frac{3}{8}$ to $44\frac{7}{8}$ per cent.

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

The most notable feature in Stock Exchange movements during the past month has been the appreciation in the price of Railways in British Possessions. From the usual table compiled by the *Banker's Magazine*, we gather that there has been an average gain during the month of as much as 8 per cent. in the securities of the eight companies dealt with, the rise in Grand Trunks and Canadian Pacific stocks being mainly responsible for this heavy gain. The American Market also shows a movement in the right direction, a rise of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. being recorded. The advance in these shares is partly attributable to efforts engineered in New York to make the public believe that some of the companies will participate in the business likely to accrue from the rush to Klondyke. In some instances a wonderful stretch of the imagination is necessary to see how this is going to happen. Still, the public are very gullible, and doubtless a good many of them will succumb to the artful statements which are being circulated. Home Rails have improved to the extent of 0.7 per cent., this small increase having been brought about by the probability of the engineering difficulty terminating at the end of the month. English and Foreign and Colonial Banks are distinctly better, the dividends for the past half-year being very satisfactory. The aggregate value on Jan. 20 of the 325 representative securities dealt with by our contemporary was £3,291,443,000, which shows a net increase of £14,912,000 as compared with the previous month, being at the rate of 0.4 per cent.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Although the dividend announcements up to this point have been hardly up to Market expectations, we think that, on the whole, they may be looked upon as being fairly satisfactory. The dividend of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the London and South-Western Undivided Ordinary created a little dullness in that stock, as for a week or two back the Market had been going for $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Still, the $8\frac{1}{2}$ compares with $8\frac{1}{4}$ for the corresponding period of last year, bringing the total distribution for the year up to 7 per cent., as against $6\frac{3}{4}$ for the previous twelve months. According to the published traffic returns, the gross increase in receipts amounted to £99,000, and, after taking into account the variations in the amounts carried forward, it is quite evident that the bulk of the increase of gross revenue must have been employed in defraying working expenses. The extra dividend of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the Undivided Stock only absorbs about £15,000, and we do not think that there will be

found to have been any material increase in the prior charges to account for the big difference. The prospects of this company for the present year are decidedly encouraging, the open nature of the season attracting a great number of spectators to the various race-meetings, which would not have been the case if the winter had been a rigorous one. The returns for the past week show an increase of £4694, bringing up the aggregate for the three weeks to date to £9124.

THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY DIVIDEND.

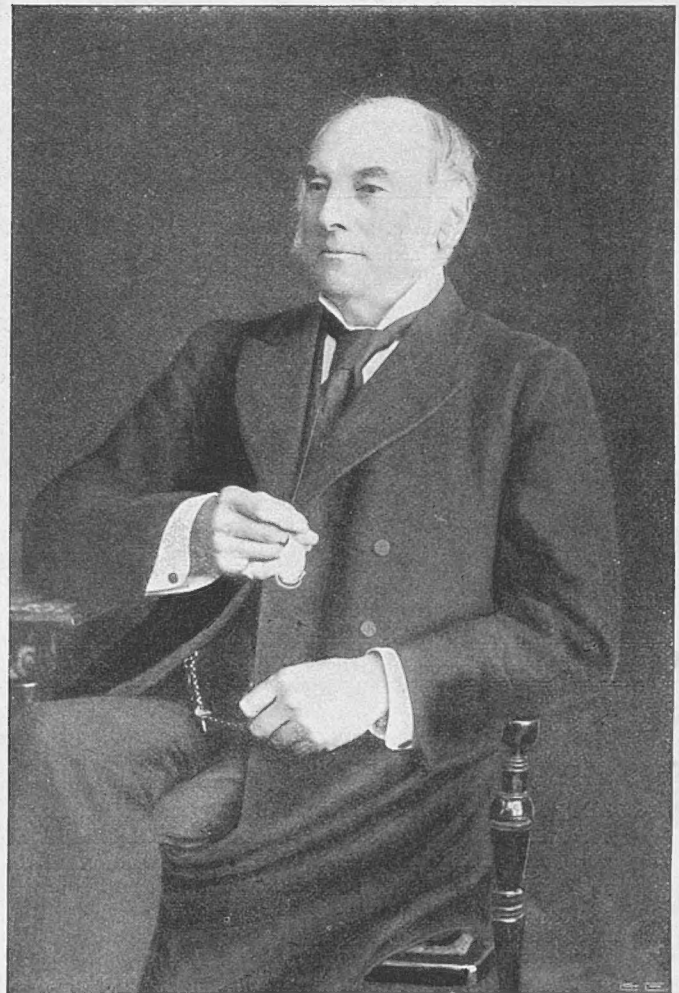
The dividend of this company, at the rate of $5\frac{1}{4}$, compared with $5\frac{3}{4}$, could not fail to be rather disappointing to the Market, which had formed the erroneous estimate that the rate of the corresponding half-year in 1896 would at least be maintained. But to us it seems that the cause for surprise is not in the reduction of the dividend, but in the extravagant estimates which were formed. It was a foregone conclusion that, with all the labour troubles of the past half-year, the ratio of working expenditure must be augmented on the lines which depend mainly on their goods traffic. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Company has been lavish in capital expenditure in recent times, but the shareholders have got no reason to complain of the result of it on balance. Ten years ago, the quotation was $130\frac{1}{2}$. The price at the time of writing, and even after the disappointment caused by the dividend announcement, is 148. Not a bad increase of capital value in a decade!

MEXICAN RAILS.

Unless speculators in Mexican Rails are very careful just now, they are in danger of burning their fingers—and burning them very severely, too. Granted everything that can be urged as to the recent improvement of trade in Mexico, and the advantages which will accrue to the railway companies in that country from a sliding scale of rates in relation to the price of silver, it is still difficult to find justification for the big rises which have taken place in the stocks of the various Mexican railways, and particularly in those of the Mexican Railway Company. The chief reason for the rise in Mexican Rails is, we imagine, that they have been selected as gambling counters by speculators who are flush of money made on Grand Trunks and some other specialties which have recently come to the front.

NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Considerable speculative activity took place last week in the shares of this company, on the rumours that a great railroad combination was impending, which would materially affect the future prospects of this



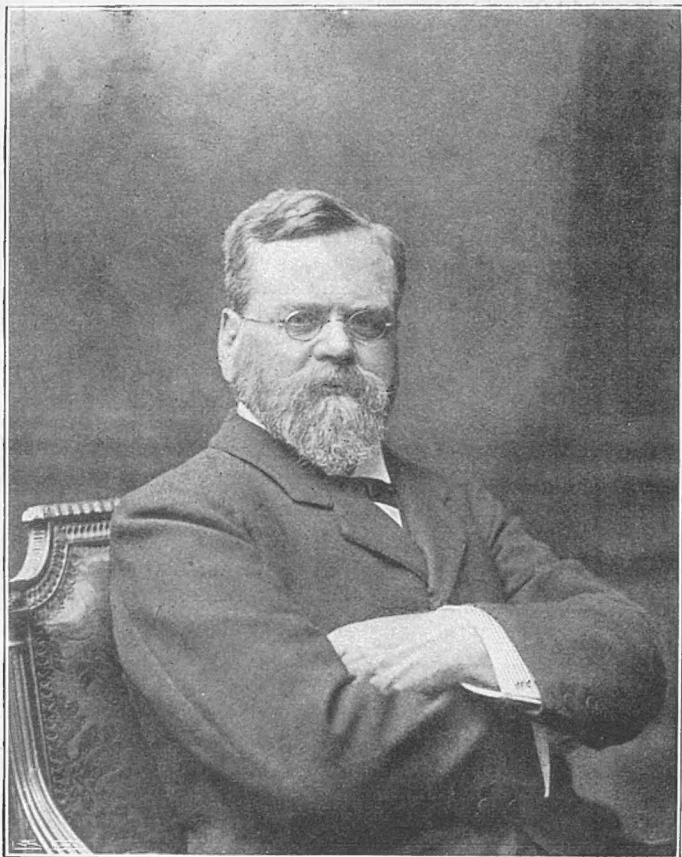
MR. W. S. PORTAL.

CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Photo by Barrauds, Limited, Oxford Street, W.

line. These rumours proved to be substantially correct, and, on their confirmation coming to hand, the shares of the company quickly bounded up. According to the arrangement, the Lake Shore and Michigan

Southern Lines are to be incorporated in the management of the New York Central Railway, the latter acquiring control of the Lake Shore by lease. Through the Union Pacific these Vanderbilt lines will have a fine trancontinental route under control, the chain of railroads being the New York Central and Lake Shore to Chicago, the North-West line and the Union Pacific. It is understood that Mr. Chauncey Depew retires from the presidency, to be succeeded by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, who has been practically chief of the management lately. The New York Central being one of the most important of the Vanderbilt lines, its shares on that account have always commanded considerable attention on the markets here. The company is a regular dividend-paying one, and has distributed quarterly dividends at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum for the past three years on its Ordinary shares, while the rate for the preceding three years was 5 per cent. The total funded debt is 70,377,333 dollars, and the Common stock amounts to 100,000,000 dollars. There is an increase of 670,000 dollars shown in the net receipts for the three months ended Sept. 30. The percentage



SIR C. SCOTTER.

GENERAL MANAGER OF THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Photo by Lambert Weston and Co., Folkestone and Dover.

of expenditure to receipts is 66·96, which compares with 67·46 in 1896, and the total mileage of the company is 2395. The shares fluctuated between 123½ and 90¼ during the past ten years, and, as an evidence of the favour into which they have lately sprung, we may mention that they have risen over 12 points since the beginning of the year. We are strongly of opinion that the advantages of this recent development have now been fully discounted.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

At the meeting last week of this company, Sir George Russell said that, "as usual, and as now seems to be inevitable, by far the largest and most marked increase has relation to the third-class passengers, who seem to be more and more our real gold-mine." We presume he referred to the fact that passengers who can afford to pay first-class fares go to some other company which affords a service with reasonable punctuality. Was it a bold statement, or made in sarcasm, in another part of his speech, that he thought the shareholders would be satisfied that the traffic had been worked as well as the existing road would permit, "and that no effort is wanting on our part to remove those difficulties, so as to make the future increase of traffic more satisfactory to the shareholders and the working of your line more satisfactory to the public"? We cannot speak as to the extent of the efforts towards these ends, but, if extra facilities in the way either of plant or of permanent way are all that is required, we are quite sure that the money would be forthcoming readily, and would earn the interest on it.

INDUSTRIALS AND OTHER THINGS.

Bovril Deferred have been a bad market all the week, not so much because the dividend was only 5 per cent., as on account of the threatened competition of Lipton, who is putting a meat-extract on the market. This seems to have frightened some professional holders; but apart from this the Deferred shares are, we think, quite high enough, as they are not likely to see any further dividend until this time next year.

The Dunlop appeal against the Tubeless Company will be reached at an early date; but the result is not likely to improve the price of the Deferred shares. As we anticipated last week, the large shareholders of the Salt Union have appointed a committee to confer with the directors and see what steps can be taken to improve the position of the concern.

If any of our readers were fools enough to apply for shares in the Dominion, Fairview, and Golden Klondyke Company, we advise them to withdraw at once. No allotment has yet been made, and every applicant can insist on the return of his money if he only asks without delay.

Among the early promotions which may be expected to see the light are such well-known concerns as Hovis Bread, Lipton's, and, it is whispered, one of the most famous Oxford Street drapery houses, but in this case the public will have to be content with the debentures only. Two French costume-houses are also talked about, but underwriting difficulties stand in the way. Mr. Hooley's hydraulic joint is said to be coming out at last, with a capital of £2,000,000. A famous Liverpool business connected with the shipping trade is about to be offered to the public, with an extremely moderate capitalisation, unless rumour is more than ordinarily wrong.

ISSUES.

Henry Heath, Limited.—This well-known hat business has been formed into a joint-stock company, and is offering £45,000 4½ per cent. debentures to the public. We confess the issue does not appear to us attractive. It is true the assets are set out at £67,000, but, for anything like break-up purposes, large deductions would have to be made, and in the case of a small issue of this sort, which will never be quoted on the Stock Exchange, an investor may easily find himself the possessor of an interest-bearing bond which it is very hard to realise. If the public had been offered the shares of the concern, it would have been a different matter; but to lend Messrs. Henry Heath, Limited, money to trade with at 4½ per cent. is not a proposition we care to recommend.

The Anglo-Mexican Colonisation and Trading Company, Limited, is formed to acquire 103,600 acres of land in Lower California. The capital is £150,000. We have seen many more attractive speculations, and do not suppose for an instant that the money asked for from the public will be subscribed. There are a few vague statements about minerals which do not commit the directors to much, while estimates of the profits likely to be made by bananas, sugar, tobacco, and suchlike tropical products are neatly set out. That five hundred acres of sugar-cane will yield £14,000 a year profit will probably be news to many a West Indian planter.

Saturday, Jan. 29, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LYONS.—The brewery you mention has a very bad name in the market. We have no certain information, but it will probably end in a liquidation.

F. W. J.—Write it off as a bad debt.

W. C. V.—The publishers are Doughty, York Street, Covent Garden, who will, no doubt, supply you with a copy if you write to them.

G. C. H.—We have passed your letter on to the Editor. It has nothing to do with financial matters.

DON.—We think the Drill shares will turn out all right for investment purposes; but as to the others, we would rather not give an opinion. There is no market for them.

SPITTAL.—We know both the concerns you name, and have a poor opinion of the Westalian affair, which is a very third-rate promoting company. Harmsworth Brothers, Limited, is a very excellent investment.

CAUTION.—At one time we had considerable faith in this mine, because of the reports and the group from whom it came, but we now think it is and always was a fraud.

J. S.—Avoid the Corporation and all its works as you would the devil.

SAVOUR.—Certainly support the movement for reform of the Salt Union. The people behind the movement have large interests at stake, and are safe to follow.

GULLED.—We know nothing of the concern, but Klondyke does not strike us as an encouraging field for investment. Insist on the return of your money, which cannot be refused before allotment. See our Notes.

O. C. B.—(1) Hold for a rise, but don't be too greedy. (2) A swindle. (3) Ditto. You seem to have been the prey of a bucket-shop.

At a meeting of the board of J. W. Benson, Limited, it was decided to declare an interim dividend of 5 per cent. on the ordinary shares of the company.